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THE NUT-CRACKER:

CONTAINING

An agreeable and great VARIETY

Of Well-seasoned

Jests, Epigrams, Epitaphs, &c.

Furnish'd by the most

SPRIGHTLY WITS

Of the Past and Present AGE.

TOGETHER WITH

Such INSTRUCTIONS as will enable any Man to
tell a *Story* with a *good Grace*, and crack a *Nut*
without losing the *Kernel*.

AND

Other Particulars equally useful and entertaining,
for which the *gentle, kind, and courteous Reader*,
will be pleas'd to look over the following Pages.

παντα γελῶς.
Keep your Countenance, if you can.
Life's a Jest. — — —

Vet. Epig.
Logumus,
Gay.

Haste thee Nymph, and bring with thee,
Jest and youthful Jollity,
Quips, and Cranks, and wonton Wiles,
Nods and Becks, and wreathed Smiles,
Such as hang on *Hebe's* Cheek,
And love to live in Dimple sleek;
Sport that wrinkled Care derides,
And Laughter holding both his Sides.

MILTON.

A NEW EDITION, with many very delightful Additions
and charming Improvements.

Publish'd with the Approbation of
The LEARNED in all FACULTIES,
By FERDINANDO FOOT, Esq;

L O N D O N :

Printed for T. CARNAN, at the *Bible and Sun*, in St.
Paul's-Church-yard. M.DCC.LX.



His

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To my very good Friend

HIS IMPERIAL EXCELLENCY

T H E

P U B L I C K,

T H E S E

JESTS, EPIGRAMS, and EPITAPHS,

A R E

(In Gratitude for all *former* and *future* Favours)

Most humbly inscribed, by

His Imperial Excellency's

Most Obliged,

Most Obedient,

Most humble, and

Most Obsequious Servant,

FERDINANDO FOOT.



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P R E F A C E.

So GENTLE READER,

THIS Preface, which you may call a Dedication, or by any other Name you please, was not wrote because the following stupendous Performance required it; but, modestly speaking, to shew my own Wit, Mr. *Reader*, you understand me.

Wit is like the Blaze of an *Oxford* Faggot, where Wood is sold by the Ounce. — Or, 'tis like Honour, ay, and like Honour too confined in the Chilobonti of the Brain, by two Membranes, which are so extremely thin they never yet could be discovered by the most artful Anatomist. — Or Wit is like a Sundial. — Or like a Comet. — Or like a Mopstick. — Or like any Thing but Wisdom.

Having thus proved mathematically, and beyond all Contradiction, what Wit is like; I shall now proceed to demonstrate to you what it is not like. Wit, then, for Instance, is not like the Writings, or any Part of the Writings of Dr. *** Mr. **** Madam **** *Billy* **** or any Writings whatsoever but my own.

Wit was begot by *Fancy*, born of *Fable*, fed by *Folly*, and has been generally nurs'd and maintained at the Expence of *Virtue* and *the Publick*.

Wit and Wisdom are for the most Part blended by the Poets, and considered as one and the same Thing; but Philosophers, who know better, place them at a great Distance, and diametrically opposite. To give an Instance, — The Rev. Dr. — has a Fever in his Brain, that precipitates him to scribble an Epigram, the Point of which is turned on his best Friend; and this we call Wit. But had the good Doctor,
under

under the same Circumstances, swabbed himself in an easy Chair, and compos'd his Spirits to a Nap, by reading one of his own Sermons, and not satiriz'd his best Friend, it had been Wisdom.

Wisdom is a substantial Being, Wit an imaginary one; and between these two was begot *Humour*, who is a Sort of Hermaphrodite, and neither real nor imaginary. Wisdom was always fond of Truth, because she was naked, and between them was begotten *Good Nature*; but she long since died of a Hectic under the Hands of Dr. — So that the only Beings that preside over Poets (except the *Muses*, who, by the Way, are become common Prostitutes) are *Wisdom*, *Wit*, and *Humour*; who seat themselves in the Brain, and there make as much Bustle, as *Pride*, *Love*, and *Reason* did in the Breast of the Princess *Perriwinkle*, whose Soliloquy on that Occasion, I shall give you from the Pen of my ingenious Friend Mr. *Ebenezer Pentweezel*.

[The Princess *Perriwinkle* sola, attended by fourteen Maids of Honour.]

Sure such a Wretch as I was never born,
By all the World deserted and forlorn.
This bitter sweet, this Honey Gall to prove,
And all the Sugar and Vinegar of Love.
Pride, Love, and Reason will not let me rest,
But make a devilish Bustle in my Breast.
To wed with *Fitzgig* Pride, Pride, Pride denies,
Put on a *Spanish* Padlock, Reason cries;
But tender gentle Love with every Wish complies.
Pride, Love, and Reason fight till ye are cloy'd,
And each by each in mutual Wounds destroy'd;
Thus when a Barber and a Collier fight,
The Barber beats the luckless Collier — white.
The dusty Collier heaves his ponderous Sack,
And big with Vengeance beats the Barber — black.
In comes the Brick-dust Man with Grime o'er-
spread,
And beats the Collier and the Barber — red.
Black, red, and white in various Clouds are toss'd,
'Till in the Dust they raise, the Combatants are lost.
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Various are the Opinions of the Learned concerning these my Labours. Mr. CONCORD, the *Grammarian*, tells me there is not a Word of *English* in the whole Book. Mr. CYPHER, the *Arithmetician*, has already sent me an Account, cast up, of six thousand Faults, for the Discovery of which he has employed every Rule in his Art, except *Reduction*. Mr. FLORISH, the *Rhetorician*, assures me it is wrote without *Invention* or *Disposition*; and that it is impossible to pronounce it with any Degree of *Elocution*. Mr. PUFF, the *Poet*, has wrote me a Panegyric on the Occasion; but then he and I have agreed to rub Elbows. Mr. PUZZLE, the *Logician*, has obliged me with his Observations in Mood and Figure, A, E, I, O, *Barbara*, *Celarent Darii Ferio Baralipon*, and proved syllogistically, that I am the cleverest Fellow in the World, except himself. Mr. CARP, the *Critic*, sent me a Botcher to mend my Work, a snarling Puppy! Mr. RUST, the *Antiquarian*, is very angry, and of Opinion that the Ancients did not write in my Manner. A certain DIVINE also shakes his Head and says, People had better read Sermons; and a Physician declares publickly that it has made many of his Patients mad; for which my good Friend the Lawyer assures me the Doctor is liable to an Action, and desires my Leave to cloath him with a Suit. Mr. FATHOM, a mighty Scholar! a living Lexicon! a Gentleman who has read the *Great Grammar of the Universe*, and obtained an intimate Acquaintance with *Men and Things*, sends me Word that there is no Sense in my Book; but assures me at the same Time, that I need not be disheartened on that Account, for it is more likely to sell; and to verify this he refers me to several senseless Pieces that have lately been published with Success; and to the *Taste of the Times*.

But, after all the Opinions of these great People, I shall rely on my own Judgment, which I think preferable to that of any other Man, or any Body of Men whatsoever.



T H E INTRODUCTION.

By the frequent Perusal of which any Man (endowed with Talents of the right Sort) may learn to tell a Story with a good Grace, and so as to engage the Attention of the Audience, and excite in them Mirth and good Humour,

AS *Story-telling* is a great Help, and gives Life to Conversation, so should they, who are possessed of this Art, or rather *Knack*, be very careful to choose pertinent Circumstances, and never tell any Stories, but such as may seem to arise out of the Subject-matter of Discourse, or may serve to illustrate and enliven it: For *Story-telling* doth not consist so much in Wit, as in Humour, which must be frequently aided and assisted by chearful Looks and whimsical Agitations. I may therefore venture to affirm, that the Success of a Story, in a great Measure, depends upon the Make of the Body, and Formation of the Features of him that relates it; so that a *Story-teller* is born, as well as a Poet. Again, there is a Kind of a *Drama* in the forming of a Story, and the Manner of conducting and pointing it, is the same as in an *Epigram*. It is a miserable Thing, after one hath raised the Expectation of the Company, to pursue the Matter too far. There is no retreating, and how poor is it for a *Story-teller* to end his Relation by saying, *That's all*. It is therefore necessary to leave off in Time, and end smartly. Thus much may suffice to shew the Nature of *Story-telling* in general, and some of the principal Ingredients required in the Composition of a *Story-teller*.

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But this being the Art of entertaining Company, which every body aims at, and almost every one fails in, it may be proper to offer some more particular Rules and Examples to regulate the Conduct of those who engage in it. I know not any Thing that commands our Attention with more Delight, when a Person has a sufficient Stock of Talents for it, such as good Sense, true Humour, a clear Head, a Fluency of Words, and a Variety of proper Gestures, to give Life and Spirit to what he says. But, if any of these are wanting, the Audience, instead of being diverted, are disobligh'd; and if the Person be utterly void of them all, as is very often the Case, he becomes a Nuisance to the Company, and they are upon the Rack all the Time he speaks. It has sometimes fallen to my Lot, that a Man, whom I never offended, has laid me under the Persecution of a long Story, and compelled me to hear what neither concerned himself nor me, nor indeed any body else; and at the same Time he was as much in earnest, as if both our Lives and Fortunes, and the Felicity of the whole Kingdom depended upon what he said. A Humour very unaccountable! That a Man shall be letting off Words for an Hour or two, with a very innocent Intention, and after he has done his best, only make me uneasy, and himself contemptible.

This natural Infirmary in Men is not only confined to *Story-telling*, but appears likewise in every Essay whatsoever of their Intellectuals. For Instance, if one of them be a Preacher of God's Word, by far-fetch'd Criticisms, numerous Divisions and Subdivisions, incoherent Digressions, tedious Repetitions, useless Remarks, weak Answers to strong Objections, Inferences to no Premises, tedious Exhortations, and many other Methods of Protraction, he shall spin you out a Discourse for an Hour and a Quarter, unequally dispensing Opium and Edification to his Flock, there being seven Sleepers at least for one Hearer. If he be a Lawyer, he shall by an uncommon Way of Amusement, run away with a Subject, which might be explained in two Minutes, and dilate upon it two Hours, with such a Volubility
of

of Tongue, such an Affluence of Expression, with something so like a good Stile, and Manner of Thinking, that the Judges and Jury attend with as much Gravity, as if there were a continued Chain of true Reasoning and solid Argument. If he be a Member of the *Upper* or *Lower* House, he does not proceed four Sentences, before the rest know where to have him an Hour hence; in the mean time they divert one another, in talking of Matters indifferent till the Gentleman has done. I could bring many more Instances, did I not think these sufficient for my present Purpose; besides, lest I should incur the same Reproach myself, I must in a few Words divide the *Story-tellers*, into the short, the long, the marvellous, the insipid, and the delightful.

The short *Story-teller* is he who tells a great deal in a few Words, engages your Attention, pleases your Imagination, or quickly excites your Laughter. Of this Rank were *Xenophon*, *Plutarch*, and *Macrobius*, among the Ancients; and Sir *Roger Shakesides*, *Tom Tickle*, and *Peter Point*, among the Moderns.

When the *Nephelai* of *Aristophanes*, a Satire upon *Socrates*, was acting, his Friends desired him to retire, and hide behind them. No, says *Socrates*, I will stand up here, where I may be seen, for now I think myself like a good Feast, and that every one has a Share of me.

Brasidas, the brave *Lacedæmonian* General, caught a Mouse that bit him, and by that Means made its Escape. O *Jupiter*! said he, what Creature so contemptible, but may have its Liberty, if it will but contend for it?

Diogenes having sailed to *Chios*, while it was under the Dominion of the *Persians*, said in a full Assembly, the Inhabitants were Fools for erecting a College, and building Temples, since the *Persians* would not allow them the Privilege of making their own Priests, but sent them over the most illiterate of the *Magi*.

Augustus, while he was encamped with his Army somewhere near *Mantua*, was disturbed three Nights successively by the hooting of an Owl. Proclamation was made to the Soldiers, that whoever caught the
Offender,

Offender, so that he might be brought to justice, should have an ample Reward for his Pains. Every one was loyally engaged in the Pursuit of this Bird. At last, one more vigilant than the Rest, found him in a hollow Tree, so brought him in Triumph to the Emperor, who saw him with the greatest Pleasure; but gave the Soldier a Sum of Money, so far below his Expectation, that he let the Owl fly away that Instant: So true a Sense of Liberty ran through the very meanest of the *Romans*.

The long *Story-teller* is one who tells little or nothing in a great Number of Words; for this, many among the Moderns are famous, particularly the *French*; and among ourselves in this Kingdom we have a vast Number of the better Sort. As well as I can recollect there are six Deans, four Judges, six and thirty Counsellors at Law, sixty-five Attornies, some few Fellows of Colleges, every Alderman through the whole Nation, except one, all old Gentlemen and Ladies without Exception, five of the College of Physicians, three or four Lords, two hundred Squires, and some few People of Distinction beside.

I shall here insert a Fragment of a long Story, by Way of Example, containing a hundred and twenty nine Words, which might have been said in these ten following, namely, *Nine Years ago, I was to preach for a Friend.*

I remember once, I think it was about seven Years ago—No, I lye, it was about nine Years ago, for it was just when my Wife was lying-in of *Dicky*. I remember particularly, the Midwife would have had me stay, to keep her Company, and it was the heaviest Day of Storm and Rain, that I ever saw before or since; but because I engaged to preach for a very worthy Friend of mine, who lived about twenty Miles off, and this being *Saturday*, I could not defer it till the next Morning, though I had an excellent Nag, which could have rid it in three Hours; I bought him of a Neighbour, one Mr. *Masterfon*, yet, because I would not put my Friend in a Fright, &c. Thus far he went in one Minute.

nute. The Story lasted an Hour; so that upon a fair Computation he spoke seven thousand one hundred and forty Words more than he had Occasion for. If a right Application was made of this Hint I have here given, it would be of admirable Effect in the Dispatch of publick Business, as well as private Conversation; nay, in the very writing of Books, for which I refer the Reader to the *Fable of the Bees*, and the two elaborate Treatises written by the learned Mr. H—n.

The *Marvellous* is he who is fond of telling such Things as no Man alive, that has the least Use of his Reason, can believe. This Humour prevails, very much in Travellers, and the vain-glorious; but it is very pardonable, because no Man's Faith is impos'd upon; or, if it should be so, no ill Consequences can attend Persons who are seriously extravagant, and expect another should give Credit to what he knows impossible for the greatest Dunce to swallow.

One of these who had travelled to *Damascus*, told his Company that the *Bees* of that Country were as big as *Turkies*. Pray, Sir, said a Gentleman, begging Pardon for the Question, how large are the Hives? The same Size with ours, replied the Traveller. Very strange, said the other. But how got they into their Hives? That is none of my Business! Egad! Let them look to that!

Another who had travelled as far as *Persia*, spoke to his Man *John*, as he was returning Home, telling him, how necessary it was for a Traveller to draw Things beyond the Life, otherwise he could not hope for that Respect among his Countrymen, which by this Means he might have. But at the same Time, *John*, said he, wheresoever I shall dine, or sup, keep you close to my Chair, and if I do very much exceed the Bounds of Truth, punch me behind, that I may correct myself. It happened one Day that he dined with a certain Gentleman, who shall be nameless, where he affirm'd, that he saw a *Monkey* in the Island of *Borneo*, that had a Tail three-score Yards long. *John* punch'd him. I am certain it is fifty at least. *John* gave him t'other Touch. I

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remember it lay over a Quickset Hedge, and therefore it could not be less than thirty. *John* at him again. I could take my Oath it was twenty. This did not satisfy *John*. Hereupon the Master turned about in a Rage, and said, Damn you, for a Puppy, would you have the *Monkey* without any Tail at all.

Did not the famous Dr. *Burnet*, whose History is much of a Stamp with his Travels, affirm, that he saw an *Elephant* play at Ball? And that grave Gentleman *Ysbrant Ydes*, in his Travels thro' *Muscovy* to *China*, assures us, that he saw *Elephants* which were taught to low like *Cows*, to yell like *Tygers*, and to mimic the Sound of a Trumpet. But their highest Perfection, as he relates it, was that of singing like Canary Birds. However, this is not so marvellous, as what a Gentleman told a full Company in my hearing within this Fortnight. That he had seen a Show at *Bristol*, which was a *Hare*, taught to stand on her hind Legs, and bow to all the Company; to each Person in particular, with a very good Grace, and then proceed to beat several Marches on the Drum. After this, a *Dog* was set on the Table. His Master, the *Showman*, made many grievous Complaints against him for High Crimes and Misdemeanors. The *Hare* knits her Brows, kindles her Eyes like a Lady, falls in a Passion, attacks the *Dog* with all her Rage and Fury, as if she had been his Wife, scratches, bites, and cuffs him round the Table, till the Spectators had enough for their Money.

There is a certain Gentleman now in *Ireland*, most remarkably fond of the *Marvellous*, (but this thro' Vanity,) who, among an infinite Number of the like Rareties affirms, that he has a *Carp* in a Pond by itself, which for twenty Years past supplied him and his Friends with a very good Dish of Fish, when they either came to dine or sup with him. And the Manner of it is thus. The Cook-maid goes with a large Kitchen-Knife; which has a Whistle in its Handle, she no sooner blows it, but the *Carp* comes to the Sluice, and turns up his Belly, till she cuts out as much as she has occasion for, and then away it scuds. The Chasm is filled in a Day or two, and

and the *Carp* is as sound as a *Roach*, and ready for the Knife again. Now if he and his Cook-maid took the most solemn Oath to the Truth of this, or the most sanctified *Quaker* shou'd say *Yea* to it, which is made equal to any Prelate's Oath, I wou'd no more give Credit to them, than I wou'd to the Colonel, who said he was at the Battle of *Landen*, where his Majesty King *William* of glorious Memory lost the Day: And this Colonel, being in the utmost Confusion, fled among the rest, and swore he had galloped above two Miles after his Horse's Head was shot off by a Cannon-Ball, which he shou'd not have miss'd, if the poor Creature had not stopp'd at a River-side to drink.

I should be glad to spend an Evening with half a dozen Gentlemen of this uncommon Genius, being certain they would improve upon one another; and thereby I might have an Opportunity of observing how far the *Marvellous* could be carried, or whether it has any Bounds at all.

The *Inspid*, who may not improperly be called the *Soporific*, is one, who goes plodding on, in a heavy dull Relation of unimportant Facts; you shall have an Account from such a Person, of every minute Circumstance, which happen'd in the Company where he has been; what *he* did, and what *they* did, what *they* said, and what *he* said, with a Million of trite Phrases, with an *and so*, beginning every Sentence, and, *to make a long Story short*, and, *as I was saying*, with many more Expletives of equal Signification. It is a dreadful Thing, when Men have neither the Talent of speaking, nor the Discretion of holding their Tongues; and that, of all People, such as are least qualified, are commonly the most earnest in this Way of Conversation.

The *Delightful Story-teller* is one, who adds not a Word too much, or says too little, who can, in a careless Manner, give a great deal of Pleasure to others, and desires rather to divert, than be applauded; who shews good Understanding, and a delicate Turn of Wit, in every Thing that comes from him; who can entertain his Company better with the His-

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tory of a Child and its *Hobby-Horse*, than one of the *Soporifics* can with an Account of *Alexander* and *Bucephalus*. Such a Person is not unlike a bad Reader, who makes the most ingenious Piece detestable, by drawing it through his Mouth. But, to return to the *delightful Story-teller*; I can't describe him by any Words so well as his own, therefore take the following *Story*, to shew him in the most agreeable Light.

“ A Mountebank in *Leicester-Fields*, had drawn a huge Assembly about him; among the rest, a fat unweildy Fellow, half stifled in the Press, wou'd be every Fit crying out, Lord! What a filthy Croud is here! Pray, Good People, give Way a little! What a Devil has rak'd this Rabble together? Zounds! What squeezing is this? Honest Friend, remove your Elbow. At last, a Weaver, who stood next him, cou'd hold no longer. A plague confound you, said he, for an overgrown Sloven; and who, in the Devil's Name, helps to make up the Croud half so much as yourself? Don't you consider, with a Pox, that you take up more Room with that Carcase, than any five here? Is not the Place as fit for us as for you? Bring your own Guts to a reasonable Compass, and be damn'd; and then I'll engage, we shall have Room enough for us all.

This I transcribed from a celebrated Author, with great Pleasure, and do recommend it earnestly to my Countrymen, as the true Standard of *Story-telling*, both as to Style and Manner, and every Thing requisite, not only to please the Hearer, but to gain his Favour and Affection. I love *Stories*, and always encourage them, when they are properly applied and innocent, in Opposition to those gloomy Mortals, who disdain every Thing but meer Matters of Fact. Those grave Fellows are my Aversion, who sift every Thing with the utmost Nicety, and find the Maliginity of a Lie, in a Piece of Humour, push'd a little beyond exact Truth. Nor have I any Opinion of those, who have got a Trick of keeping a steady Countenance, who cock their Hats, and look Glum, when a pleasant Thing is said, and ask, *Well?* and *what then?* Men of Wit and Parts shou'd treat one another with

with Benevolence, and I will lay it down as a Maxim, that if you seem to have a good Opinion of another Man's Wit, he will allow you to have Judgment.

Nay, my old Friend Sir *Roger Shakeſide*, who, in my Way of thinking, tells a Story with as good a Grace as any Man living, will be often ſilent on this Occaſion, and tho' every Body knows he can ſpeak well, he will readily join in the general Laugh, to ſupport the Merit, or Applauſe of a Rival, well obſerving, that a Man who talks of any Thing he is famous for, has very little to get, but a great deal to loſe. This is the Part the prudent Man ſhou'd act, who has gain'd Superiority in any Branch of Knowledge. And, methinks, there is not a handſomer Thing ſaid of Mr. *Cowley*, in his whole Life, than that none but his intimate Friends ever diſcovered he was a great Poet by his Diſcourſe.

But to come nearer the Point in Hand. When Sir *Roger* tells a Story, he always perſonates him upon whom it is founded; if a *Statesman*, he ſhrugs his Shoulders, looks grave and wiſe; if a *Divine*, he puts on an Air of Sanctity; if a *Beau*, he plays the Coxcomb; and if a Coxcomb, he plays the Fool. Thus is his Geſture ſuited to all Sorts of People he is about to repreſent, which is a moving and material Qualification in *Story-tellers*.

Again, he is never prolix, or adminiſters *Opiates*, inſtead of *Cordials*. And, for the Time to come, be it hereby enacted, that if any Perſon, of what Rank ſoever, ſhall preſume to exceed ſix Minutes in a Story, to *hum*, or *haw*, uſe *Hyphens* between his Words, or Digreſſions, or offers to engage the Company to hear another Story, when he has done, or ſpeaks one Word more than is neceſſary, or ſtammers in his Speech; that then it ſhall, and may be lawful, for any one of the ſaid Company, or the whole Company together, to pull out his, hers, or their Watches, and to make uſe of broad Hints, or Inuendo's for him the ſaid *Story-teller*, to break off, altho' abruptly; otherwiſe he is to have a Glove or Handkerchief cramm'd into his Mouth for the firſt Default; and for the ſecond, to be kick'd out of Company.

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THE NUT-CRACKER.

*All Facts in these fallacious Days,
Are told a Thousand different Ways ;
In Songs, indeed, and such gay Fancies
No Author's blam'd if he romances ;
But Things of Weight, with Truth's Attendance,
Shou'd always pass to our Descendants.*

LA FONTAINE.



HEN Col. H. arrived at K—e, as Governor of that Place, the Officers told him they hop'd he wou'd give a Ball to the Ladies, *Ladies!* says he, *ay, ay, I'll give them a Ball. But it shall be a Ball of Worsted to mend their Stockings.*

Soon after my Lord Ch—ld came into the Privy Council, a Place of great Trust happened to become vacant, to which his Ma—ty and the Duke of D—t recommended two very different Persons. His Ma—ty espoused the Interest of his Friend with some Heat, and told them, *He would be obey'd* ; but not being able to succeed, he left the Council-Chamber in great Displeasure. As soon as he retired, the Matter was debated warmly, but at length it was carried against the K—g. In the Humour his Ma—ty was then in, a Question arose, who should carry the Grant of the

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Office for his Ma—ty to sign? and the Lot fell on Lord *Ch—ld*. His Lordship expected to find his Ma—ty in a very unfavourable Mood; and accordingly it happened so; and therefore he prudently forbore to incense him by an abrupt Request, and instead of bluntly asking him to sign the Instrument, very submissively ask'd whose Name his Ma—ty would be pleased to have inserted to fill up the Blanks. The K—g answered in a Passion, *The Devil's if you will*. Very well replied his Lordship; *but would your Ma—ty have the Instrument run in the usual Style, Our trusty and well-beloved Cousin and Counsellor?* The K—g laugh'd, and with all the good Nature in the World set his Name to the Paper, tho' to promote a Person not very acceptable to himself.

Mr. *Thomas Fuller*, a Man admired for his Wit, but whose great Fault was, that he would rather lose his Friend than his Jest, having made some Verses upon a scolding Wife, Dr. *Cousins*, his Patron, and Benefactor, hearing them repeated, desired Mr. *Fuller* to oblige him with a Copy of them; to whom he very imprudently, tho' wittily replied, *'Tis needless to give you a Copy Doctor, for you have the Original*.

L—d *Ch—ld* chanced one Day to be at the Prime Ministers Levee, when *Garnet* upon *Job*, a Book dedicated to the Duke of *N—e*, happened to lie in the Window. Before his Grace made his Appearance, his Lordship had Time enough to amuse himself with the Book, and when the Duke enter'd, he found him reading in it, *Well, my Lord*, said his Grace, *What is your Opinion of that Book? In any other Place I should not think much of it*, replied his Lordship; *but here in your Grace's Levee, I think it one of the best Books in the World*.

A Linen-Draper in *London* had his Picture drawn in Armour, which he was very fond of shewing. Two Country Gentlemen of his Acquaintance coming to see him, he according to Custom shows them the Picture, asking if it was not extremely like him?

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Indeed, says one of the Gentlemen, 'tis a good likeness, but there is a Fault in it, for you are drawn in Armour, and the Painter has given you no Head Piece. *Pho*, says his Friend, *If he had had a Head Piece he would never have been drawn in Armour.*

A certain Duke married to a foreign Lady, who had a great Fondness for Learning, having frequently observed an odd looking Man very meanly dress'd go in and out of his Lady's Apartment in a Morning, ask'd her Grace who he was and what was his Business? *O my Lord!* said she, *he be one dat be come to show me de Hebrew.* I believe replied his Grace, he will sooner show you his Backside, unless you give him a new Pair of Breeches.

The Duke of *Vendosme* coming to see his favourite *Palapral*, surprized him as he was scolding his Servant, and chid him for it. *Zounds* said he, my Lord, who can forbear being in a Passion? I have but one Servant, and I am almost as ill served as you that have Thirty.

A Gentleman going to take Water at *Whitehall Stairs*, cried out, as he came near the Place, *who can swim?* I, Master, said forty bawling Mouths; when the Gentleman observing one slinking away, called after him; but the Fellow turning about said, Sir, *I cannot swim*; then you are my Man said the Gentleman, for you will at least take care of me, for your own Sake.

A Lady who had received a Letter from a Gentleman, in which was a very insolent Proposal, wrote for Answer, that if a hearty Beating could have been pen'd, her Letter would have been written upon his Shoulders.

The E— of — who is perhaps the severest Satyrift in *Europe*, was lately waited upon by a Gentleman of his Acquaintance, and complimented him on the Report, that his Lordship was a second Time promoted

moted to the Lieutenantcy of Ireland. The E—who, to the Grief of his Friend as well as his own great Mortification, has almost entirely lost his hearing, replied with a Smile, that he knew not of any such Promotion, but did indeed think himself more fit for that Employment now than ever, because he could hear none of the People's Complaints.

There is a Story told of Mr. Waller, the Poet, that does Honour to his Sincerity. King James II. having ordered Mr. Waller to attend him one Afternoon; when he came, the King carried him into his Closet, and there ask'd him, how he liked such a Picture. Sir, says Mr. Waller, *my Eyes are dim, and I know not whose it is*, the King answered, *it is the Princess of Orange*. *I think*, says Waller, *she is like the greatest Woman in the World, whom do you call so?* said the King. *Queen Elizabeth*, replied the other. *I wonder*, Mr. Waller, said the King, *that you should think so*; and added, *she owed her Greatness to her Council, which was indeed a wise one*. And Sir, said Mr. Waller, *did you ever know a Fool chuse a wise one?*

A certain swaggering Officer being in Company with Mr. Charles B—der, bragg'd egregiously of the Number he had slain by his own Hand abroad, inasmuch that, by his own Account, he had demolished at least five Hundred.—Sir, says Charles, *I have killed in my Time, let me see—five at Madrid—ten at Lisbon twenty at Paris—thirty at Vienna, and double the Number at the Hague*. But at length coming over from Calais to Dover, *I had scarcely disembark'd before a desperate Son of a Bitch of a Fellow killed me—Kill'd you* says the Officer—*D—m you, what do you mean by that?* Sir, replies Charles, *I did not dispute your Veracity, and why should you question mine.*

A certain Kentish Nobleman being in Company with some Scotch Officers, was bragging of the Situation of his Villa, and the Pleasantness of the Country in general; but above all, insisted upon his peculiar Happiness (as he had a musical Ear) in having such a

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Multitude of Nightingales about him. *Nightingales?* says a bonny Scot, we have an Infinity of them near *Edinburgh*—Sir, replies my Lord, I thought those Birds had never reached so far North, pray, what Kind of a Thing is a Nightingale? *my Lord*, rejoins the Scotsman, *it is a boot as bug as a Pudgeon, and has a Head like a Cat, and cries, whoo, whoo, whoo.*

A certain Gentleman of *Cambridge*, having published some Poems by Subscription, went to wait on the Honourable Mr.—, of *Clare-Hall*, to deliver a Book; Mr. —, happened not to be then in the Way, our Poet therefore, called about a Week afterwards, when his Honour addressed him in the following Terms. Sir, *I like your Poems extremely well, but I have one Favour to beg of you, and that is, that you will print your next Edition upon softer Paper, for this confounded Genoa Demy, rubs ones Backside like a Nutmeg-Grater.*

The late Prince of *Wales* having a Mind to divert himself Incog, went to see a Bull baiting near *Hockley in the Hole*. The Bull (being true Game) gave a great deal of Sport, and foil'd every Dog that attack'd him—At last, old *Towzer*, whose Owner (a Butcher in *Clare Market*) stood close to the Prince, fairly penn'd the Bull—At which the Butcher in the Joy of his Heart, gave His Royal Highness a swinging Clap on the Back, saying. *See there, Mr. Prince, that is my Dog, rot me if it 'ent.*

Voltaire, having lampooned a Nobleman, was one Night in his Way Home intercepted by him, and handsomely cudgelled for his licentious Wit. Upon which he applied to the Duke of *Orleans*, who was then Regent, and begg'd him to do Justice in the Affair: Sir, replied the Regent, smiling, *it has been done already.*

In a Company where they were playing at Comparisons, an agreeable young Lady was likened to a Repeater. *Fontenelle* coming in, she appealed to him

for the Propriety of the Resemblance: *Madam*, says he, *I find a notable Difference: a Repeater makes us remember the Hours, but you make us forget them.*

A poor Devil of an Author had prefixed to a paltry Work, a fulsome Dedication to the Earl of *Oxford*, who sent for him and made him a Present of five Guineas: *not*, says his Lordship, *that you deserve a Farthing; but that whenever you shall again take it into your Head to praise any Body you may forget me.*

A *Gascoon*, who had some Business with Marshal *Villers*, asked his Porter, *if Villers was at Home.* *Villers*, plain *Villers!* says the Porter, methinks you might have added his Title; *You Put, you!* says the *Gascoon*, *did you ever hear of Marshal Cæsar, or Marshal Pompey?*

A Highwayman presenting a Blunderbuss to a Gentleman in a Chariot, demanded his Money with the usual Compliment; the Gentleman readily surrendered his Purse, containing about sixty Guineas, and told the Highwayman, that for his own Safety, he had better put the Robbery upon the Footing of an Exchange, by selling him the Blunderbuss for what he had just now taken from him, with all my Heart, says the Highwayman, and gave it to the Gentleman, who, instantly turn'd the Muzzle towards him, and told him, if he did not redeliver his Purse, he would shoot him, *That you may if you can*, replied the Highwayman, *for I promise you it is not loaded;* and rode off very coolly with his Booty.

A Fool kept by King *James I.* upon some Offence done by him to a Gentleman, was told that his Fools Coat should be no Protection to him, for he certainly would run him through the Body, if ever he did the like again. The Fool ran open Mouth'd to the King with his Complaint, who bid him not be afraid, for if the Gentleman was to kill him, he would hang him the Day after, *I had much rather*, replied the Fool, *you would hang him the Day before.*

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Just after Dr. Tillotson, was consecrated Archbishop of Canterbury, Sir J. T. a violent Party-Man and of a very reproachable Character, passing by his Lordship, cry'd aloud, I hate a Knave in *Lawn Slaves*; and so do I in any Sleeves, replied the Bishop.

Mr. Chiswick was presented to a good Living by my Lord Chancellor; on his waiting on my Lord, to thank him for his Kindness, the Chancellor and his Lady joked the Parson on his soon altering his State, and taking to him a Wife,—*No*, my Lord, *says* Chiswick, *you have given me Plenty, and I'll take care to have Peace.*

A Gentleman was reading to some Company in a Coffee House by St. James's a System of Polity, in which a Calculation was made of all the Inhabitants in Great-Britain; the Number seem'd so immensely great to a Beau Politician who stood by, that he immediately cry'd, *Sir, if what you say be true, there is more People in Great-Britain than in all England put together.*—That wise Gentleman (says an arch old Cuff in the Corner) puts me in mind of the Mayor of Winton who on being inform'd that a Hurricane had destroyed many Ships at Sea, declared with the Sagacity and Air of a Magistrate, that he believed, *more Mischief was done by Sea and Land than in all the World beside.*

Lady *** spoke to the Butler to be saving of an excellent Run of Small Beer, and ask'd him how it might be best preserv'd? *I know of no Method so effectual*, my Lady, replies the Butler, *as placing a Barrel of good Ale by it.*

A certain Nobleman, who has too much Fortitude and Greatness of Soul, to be shaken with every Breath, was in Ireland during the late Rebellion in Scotland, and one Morning, when it was reported that the Roman Catholicks were about to rise, a Gentleman ran into his Chamber very abruptly, *My Lord, my Lord, we're undone*, says he, *all Dublin is up. Why what's*
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o'Clock? says the Nobleman. *Ten, my Lord,* answer'd the Gentleman. *Why then, truly,* says his Lordship with seeming unconcern, *I'll get up myself, for I think every Man should be up at Ten o'Clock.*

In the Time of the Wars between the Duke of Marlborough's Army and the *French*, in the Reign of Queen *Anne*, it was a constant Practice with the *French* Court to cause Illuminations and Bonfires to be made in *Paris*, after every Battle, whether their Army got the Victory or not, in order to keep up the Spirits of the People. And once, when the *English* had totally defeated the *French*, and great Illuminations were made as usual; a Marshal of *France* merrily said, *By my Honour, the People of our Nation are like Flint Stones, the more you beat them the more Fire they make.*

One meeting an Acquaintance, says to him with a kind of secret Joy, I'll tell you a Piece of News my Friend, between you and I my Wife's with Child. Between you and I, answered the other, you are greatly mistaken, for I have not lain with your Wife this Twelvemonth.

A Man telling his Friend the Situation of his Affairs, with regard to his Creditors, who were somewhat pressing on him, said that his Debts were mostly in Fives and Sixes, (meaning so many Pounds) *Well,* answers his good-natur'd Friend *since your Affairs are not at Sixes and Sevens yet, cheer up, and I'll endeavour to assist you.*

I happened once, since these great Hoops were in Fashion, to be at a Christening, when a Lady, who had more Vivacity than Discretion, began to rally a little Gentleman in Company about the Marriage of his Friend, who, it seems, was also a very little Man. 'Tis surprizing to me, says the Lady, that *Miss **** who we all know to be a Girl of good Sense, should ever think of such a diminutive Animal; why I cou'd hide fifty of them under my Petticoat.—*Madam,* quoth the Gentleman,

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tleman, *I don't doubt but you have had a hundred there before now.*

An arch Boy, belonging to one of the Ships of War at *Portsmouth*, had purchased of his Play-fellows a Magpye, which he carried to his Father's House, and was at the Door feeding it, when a Gentleman in the Neighbourhood, who had an Impediment in his Speech, coming up, *T—T—T Tom*, says the Gentleman, *can your Mag T—T—Talk yet?* *Ay, Sir*, says the Boy, *better than you, or I'd wring his Head off.*

In the Heat of an Engagement a Sailor took his wounded Comrade on his Shoulders, and carried him down to the Surgeon, the Fellow in his Way lost his Head, Why, says the Surgeon, do you bring me a Man without a Head? *Odso*, says the Sailor, *he told me he had only lost his Leg, but he was always a lying Dog.*

A Sailor fell from the Main-Mast and broke his Legs: When his Companions came about him, and commiserated him, *Poh!* says he, *it might have been my Neck.*

A certain Nobleman who had just changed his Party, complain'd to a Lady of Wit and Humour, that he had a Pain in his Side, — *Your Side, my Lord*, says she, *I thought you had no Side.* — Yes Madam, says his Lordship, I have *Two*, then answer'd the Lady, I suppose you are *Jack of both Sides.* — Ay, Madam, says he, (a little Chagrin'd) and I have a *Back-Side* too, — That I did not know my Lord, says she, but every Body knows, *your Lady has one.*

Some Gentlemen riding over a Common by a Turf-cutter, enquired the Way to *Guildford*, when he had directed them right, they ask'd what Time o' Day it was? The Man, looking up to the Sun, told them it was Ten. But one of the Gentlemen taking out his Watch, said it was not Ten yet, *Then*, says the Fellow,

low, *You may ride 'till it is and be pox'd, if you will; if you knew better than me, why did you ask the Question?*

An Author after reading an extreme bad Play to Q—, ask'd his Opinion of it. He told him it would not do by any Means. I wish, says the Author, you could advise me what is best to do with it. *That I can,* says Q—, *Blot out one Half and burn the other.*

It was said of a Country Squire at his Return from his Travels to *France*, by which he was greatly alter'd, tho' not in the least improved, that *he went thither a leaden Image, but was returned one of Plaister of Paris.*

A poor Fellow condemn'd, told the late Justice *Burnet*, it was hard Laws to be hang'd for stealing a Horse. No Friend, says the Judge, you are not hang'd for stealing a Horse: but that *Horses may not be stol'n.*

A certain Nobleman being call'd to *Scarborough* to drink the Waters, as he was walking one Morning, met *Dicky Dickenson*, and civilly ask'd how he did? *Do, my Lord,* replied he; *I do as many of you Noblemen do, I have turn'd off my Wife, and I keep my Whore.*

A Lady, belonging to a wealthy Parish in *London*, having had the Misfortune to bury several of her Family in a little Time, the Sexton brought her a Bill, which she thinking unreasonable, demanded some Abatement, and tender'd him five Shillings less than he had charg'd. The Sexton eyed the Money, and at length took it up, saying, *As you have been a good Chap, Madam, and I expect more of your Custom, I'll take it for this Time; but I really can't afford it.*

A certain great Man having a good Living vacant, by the Death of a former Incumbent, was solicited by many neighbouring Clergymen of great Learning, for the next Presentation, all whom he refus'd, because they cou'd not inform him who was *Melchisedek's* Father; of which a young Fellow of a College

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in *Oxford* hearing, he came to the great Man and ask'd it for himself; Sir, says he, if you can tell me who was *Melchisedeck's* Father, you may stand a good Chance. *That I'll do instantly*, replied the young Gentleman, *and who was his Mother too*. And, putting his Hand in one Pocket, pulls out a Purse of Guineas, saying, There is his Father, my Lord; then turning his Hand to the other Pocket, took another Purse, and this, my Lord, is his Mother, says he. *Well*, answer'd his Lordship, *this is something to the Purpose, I confess; let me only count the Syllables of their Names, and if they are right, you shall have the Living*.

One of the Comedians walking down *Bow-Street, Covent-Garden*, saw a poor miserable Object asking Charity; he stop'd and reliev'd him, saying at the same Time, *This Man must either be in very great Distrafs, or a very good Actor*.

A certain Preacher having changed his Religion for a good Benefice, was much blam'd by some of his Friends, for deserting them. To excuse himself he assur'd them he shou'd never have done it, *but for seven Reasons*; being ask'd what they were? he answer'd, *A Wife and six Children*.

A Wag merrily told Mr. *Gibber*, when his Print of Mr. *Pope* and the Coffee-House Girl came out, that he had publish'd *Pope's* Essay on *Woman*.

At the Long Room at *Bath*, a Lady that affected great Modesty, was accidentally seated next to Lady *V.* which she no sooner knew, than she edged away from her as far as Room would give Leave, which Lady *V.* perceiving, said softly to her, *Pray, Madam, is whoring catching?*

A Gentleman in a certain County in this Kingdom, had mark'd out a large Tract of Ground for a Park, Part of which belonging to the Parish in common, they made great Murmurings at its being inclos'd: *If that be the Case*, says his Friend, *your Park will come cheap,*

cheap, for you have nothing to do but get Pales, and your Neighbours will find Railing.

A pious Country Gentleman, going through *Fleet-Street*, and seeing several Men kissing the Whores, said, *he was glad to find so much Christian Charity in London; for he had heard it was a very wicked Place*

A Countryman of a merry Disposition, being inclin'd to joke with one of his Neighbours; *Hodge*, says he, *how many Cuckolds do you think there are in our Town, excepting yourself; Excepting myself! What do you mean by that, quoth Hodge? Nay, don't be angry, says the other. How many are there then including yourself?*

An *Irishman* on board a Man of War, was desired by his Mess-mate to go down and fetch a Can of small Beer; *Teague*, knowing that Preparations were making to sail, absolutely refus'd. *Arrah, by my Shoul*, says he; *and so while I am gone into the Cellar, to fetch Beer, the Ship will sail and leave me behind.*

A Country Gentleman, having married a buxom Widow, a few Weeks after Marriage, found it necessary to withdraw from the Business of Love for a little while; but not caring to let his Wife into the Secret, he procur'd a Subpœna, to be sent him to attend as an Evidence at one of the Courts in *London*; which, shewing her, he took leave, with seeming Regret, and set forward on his Journey, and was absent about a Month. A few Days after his Return Home, the said Gentleman and his Lady were looking out at a Window at their Cows grazing in a Field adjoining; *My dear*, said he, *what is become of the Bull, which us'd to be so brisk among the Cows here? Oh! Child*, says she, *he's subpœna'd, I suppose, to the other End of the Field.*

The Archbishop of *Spalato*, when Dean of *Windsor*, very affectionately moved the Prebendaries thereof, in a long Latin Speech, to contribute bountifully towards
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the Relief of a distressed Foreigner; representing him a Person of much Worth and Want; To whom, one of the Prebendaries only replied, *Qui suadet suadet.* But his Charity had a Tongue without Hands.

When *Oliver Cromwell* first coined his Money, an old Cavalier looking upon one of the new Pieces, read this Inscription, *Deus nobiscum*, or *God with us*, on one Side; and saw the Arms of the *Common-wealth of England* impressed on the other. *You behold here*, said he, by their own displaying, *that God and the Common-wealth are of different Sides.*

Colonel *Bond*, who had been one of King *Charles* the First's Judges, died the Day before *Oliver*; and it was strongly reported that *Cromwell* himself was dead. *No*, said a Gentleman, who knew better, *he has only given Bond to the Devil, for his further Appearance.*

A young Fellow came to offer himself to the Play-House, whose Talent lay in Comedy, and having given a Specimen of his Capacity to Mr. *Quin*, he ask'd if he had ever play'd any Parts in Comedy? The former answer'd, *Yes*; he had play'd *Abel* in the *Alchymist*. *I am rather of Opinion you play'd Cain*, says *Quin*, *for I am certain you murder'd Abel.*

One of the mendicant Fryars in *France*, and his Ass loaded with Provisions he had collected, being crossing a Ferry; the poor Beast, with the Weight of his Load, and the Coldness of the Season, trembled and shook exceedingly. One in the Boat, thinking to be witty, told the Fryar, *his Brother there trembled.* *Ay*, says the Fryar, *if you had a Cord round your Neck, Irons at your Feet, and a Man of my Profession at your Elbow, you wou'd tremble too.*

One seeing a Friend going before him in the Street, call'd, *Hallo.* A haughty *German* passing by at the Time, ask'd what Business he had to cry *Hallo* while he pass'd by? *P—x take ye*, says the Englishman, *what*

what Business had you to pass by, while I was crying Hallo?

A Man, complaining to his Friend, that his Wife's Drunkenness and ill Conduct had almost ruin'd him, concluded, as the Vulgar usually do; and, for Goodness sake, *What's to be said for it? Nothing that I know,* says his Friend, *can be said for it, but much against it.*

A handsome young Gentleman, having married an extremely ugly Lady, who was very rich; was ask'd by his Friends, how he cou'd think of marrying so ordinary a Woman? *Look ye,* said he, *I bought her by Weight, and paid nothing for Fashion.*

A Person was formerly try'd at *Kingston* for having two Wives, before the late Lord Chief Justice *Holt*; and one whose Name was *Unit*, was to have been the principal Evidence against him. After much calling for him, word was brought to his Lordship, that he cou'd not be found. *No,* says the Judge? then all I can say, is, *Mr. Unit stands for a Cypher.*

In Queen *Anne's* Reign, the Lord *Oxford*, as was said, got a Number of Peers made at once, to serve a particular Turn; being met the next Day by Lord *Wharton*, So, Robin, said he, *I find what you lost by Tricks, you have got by Honours.*

King *Henry* the VIIIth appointing a Nobleman to go on an Embassy to *Francis I.* at a very dangerous Juncture, he begg'd to be excus'd, saying, such a threatening Letter to so hot a Prince as *Francis I.* might go near to cost him his Life. Fear not, says old *Harry*; if the *French King* shou'd take away your Life, I'll revenge it by taking off the Heads of many *Frenchmen*, now in my Power. But of all these Heads, reply'd the Nobleman, *there may not be one to fit my Shoulders.*

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A Taylor sent his Bill to a Lawyer for Money; the Lawyer bid the Boy tell his Master, that he was not running away, but very busy at that Time. The Boy comes again, and tells him, he must needs have the Money. Did'st tell thy Master, said the Lawyer, I was not running away? Yes, Sir, says the Boy; but he bid me tell you, *that he was.*

Gun Jones, who had rais'd a handsome Fortune from a small Beginning, happening to have some Words with a Person who had known him for some Time, was ask'd, how he cou'd have the Impudence to give himself such Airs to one who knew him seven Years ago, when he had hardly a Rag to his A—e? You lie, Sirrah, reply'd *Jones*, for seven Years ago, I had nothing but Rags to my A—e.

A young Fellow, who had made away with all he had, even to his last Suit of Cloaths, one said to him, Now, I hope you'll own yourself a happy Man; for you have put an End to all your Cares. How so? said the Gentleman. *Because*, reply'd the other, *you have nothing left to take Care of*

A *Welshman* and an *Englishman* vapouring one Day about the Fruitfulness of their Country, the *Englishman* said, there was a Close near the Town where he was born, which was so very fertile, that if a *Kiboo* was put in over Night, it wou'd be so cover'd with Grass, as to be very difficult to find the next Day. *Splut*, says the *Welshman*, that's nothing, *there is a Close where hur was born, where you may put your Horse in over Night, and not be able to find him the next Morning.*

A Lady that had married a Gentleman, who was a tolerable Poet, one Day sitting alone with him, said, Come, my Dear, you write upon other People; prithee, write something for me. Let me see what Epitaph you'll bestow on me when dead? Oh! my dear, reply'd he, that's a melancholy Subject! don't think of it. Nay, upon my Life you shall, says she,
Come,

Come, I'll begin. *Here lies* Bid. To which he answer'd,

Ah ! I wish she did.

A Fellow being indicted for Perjury, had little to say in his Defence as to the Fact, only call'd several to his Character, and among the rest the Curate of the Parish ; who said he always thought him a sober, honest Man, for that he was constantly at Church on Sundays, and seem'd very attentive to Divine Service. Why then, says the Judge, 'tis plain he only *lent* his Ears to the Gospel, but I'll take Care he shall *give* them to the Law, and sentenc'd him accordingly.

Henry IV. of France, reading the following ostentatious Inscription on the Monument of a *Spanish* Officer ; Here lies the Body of *Don*, &c. &c. *who never knew what Fear was*. Then, says the King, He never snuff'd a Candle with his Fingers.

The late facetious Mr. *Spiller*, being at the Rehearsal one *Saturday* Morning, the Time when the Actors are usually paid, was asking another, whether Mr. *Wood*, the Treasurer of the House, had any Thing to say to them that Morning ? No, Faith *Jemmy*, reply'd the other ; I'm afraid there is no *Cole*, which is a cant Word for Money. Well, says *Spiller*, *if there's no Cole, we must burn Wood*.

An honest bluff Country Farmer, meeting the Parson of the Parish in a By-lane, and not giving him the Way so readily as he expected ; the Parson, with an erected Crest told him, that he was better fed than taught. *Very true*, indeed, reply'd the Farmer ; *for you teach me, and I feed myself*.

A Gentleman talking of his Travels, a Lady in Company said, she had been a great deal farther, and seen more Countries than he. Nay then, Madam, reply'd the Gentleman ; *as Travellers, we may lie together by Authority*.

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A Frenchman who spoke very broken English, having some Words with his Wife, endeavour'd to call her *Bitch*, but cou'd not recollect the Name; at last he thought he had done it, by saying, *Begar, mine Deare, but you be vone vile Dog's Wife*. Aye, that's true enough, answer'd the Woman, the more's my Misfortune.

Sir *Miles Stapleton*, a Gentleman of great Fortune in the North of *England*, is a remarkable little Man, which gave rise to the following Pun, and a hearty Laugh, which the Knight himself enjoyed with the Company. Two of the Company were disputing about the *Yorkshire Miles*; one asserted, they were longer than in any Part of *England* besides, which the other deny'd, and it was left to the Decision of *Harry H.* a famous Punster, who declared, he knew of no *short Miles* in *Yorshire*, except *Sir Miles*.

A Gentlewoman, who had two Gallants, growing big with Child, the Question was put, who shou'd be the Father; when one of them who had a wooden Leg, offer'd to decide it thus; *If the Child comes into the World with a wooden Leg, I will father it; if not, it shall be yours,*

The Standers by, to comfort a poor Man, who lay on his Death-bed, told him, he shou'd be carried to Church by four lusty proper Fellows. *I thank you,* said he, *but I had much rather go myself.*

A Topping Fellow was one Night making his Will over his Bottle; I will, said he, give fifty Pounds to five Taverns, to drink to my Memory, when I am dead; namely, Ten Pounds to the *Salutation* for Courtiers; ten Pounds to the *Castle* for Soldiers; ten Pounds to the *Mitre* for Parsons; ten Pounds to the *Horns* for Citizens, and ten Pounds to the *Devil* for Lawyers.

A Gentleman sent for his Carpenter's Servant, to knock a Nail or two in his Study; after the Fellow had

had done, he scratch'd his Ears, and said, he hop'd the Gentleman wou'd give him something to make him drink. Make you drink, says the Gentleman ! There's a pickled Herring for you ; *if that won't make you drink, I'll give you another.*

A Dog coming open-mouth'd at a Serjeant upon a March, he ran the Spear of his Halbert into his Throat, and kill'd him. The Owner coming out, rav'd extremely that his Dog was kill'd, and ask'd the Serjeant, *why he cou'd not as well have struck him with the but End of his Halbert ? So I wou'd*, said he, *if he had run at me with his Tail.*

A certain Lady finding her Husband somewhat too familiar with her Chamber-maid, turn'd her away, saying, Huffy, I have no Occasion for such Sluts as you ; *I hired you to do your own Business, not mine.*

Two Lawyers being met at the Tavern, when the Wine was very good, one of them had a mind to stay by it ; but the other pleading Business, was for going immediately ; prithee, sit down a little longer, says the first, here's the best Wine I ever tasted, how do you find it ? why, I find it *special*, says he ; then faith Friend, as you bring it in *special*, it *must* have another Tryal, and so call'd for a second Bottle.

An Officer in the Customs at the Port of *Liverpool*, running carelessly along the Ship's Gunnel, tip'd overboard, and was drowned. Being soon taken up, the Coroner's Jury was summon'd to sit upon the Body. One of the Jurymen returning Home, was call'd to by an Alderman of the Town, and ask'd what Verdict they brought in, and whether they found *Felo de se* ? *Ay, ay*, says the Jurymen, shaking his Noddle, *he fell into the Sea sure enough.*

Sir William D' Avenant the Poet, who had no Nose, going along the *Muse* one Day, a Beggar-woman follow'd him, saying, God preserve your Eye-sight. Why, good Woman, says he, dost thou pray so much for my Eye-sight ? *Ah ! dear Sir*, answer'd the Woman,

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man, if it please God you grow dim-sighted, you have no Place to hang your Spectacles on.

A young Gentleman playing at Questions and Commands, with some very pretty young Ladies, was commanded to take off a Garter from one of 'em; but she, as soon as he laid hold on her Petticoats, ran into the next Room, where there was a Bed, *Now, Madam*, said he, I bar *squeaking*. Bar the Door, you Fool, said she.

Daniel Purcell, the famous Punster, meeting with a Friend on the 30th of January, being King Charles's Martyrdom, they went to the *Salutation Tavern* on *Holbourn-Hill*, where finding the Door shut, they knock'd. One of the Drawers peeping through a little Wicket, ask'd, what they wou'd please to have? Have, says Daniel, open your Door, and draw us a Pint of Wine. The Drawer answer'd, his Master wou'd not allow of it, for it was a Fast. *Rot your Master*, reply'd he, *for a precise Coxcomb; is he not contented to fast himself, but must make his Doors fast too?*

A poor but worthy Clergyman, who possess'd only a small Lecturehip, from the Income of which, he had a large Family to maintain, had been under the Necessity, through some expensive Family Sickneses, &c. of contracting Debts with several in the Parish, and, being unable to answer their Demands, absconded for sometime for fear of being troubled; and in short, was so ashamed of facing his Creditors, that he even prevail'd with a Friend, to officiate for him on Sundays. However, considering this Method of Life cou'd not last long, he took Courage, and resolv'd to preach the following Sunday before his Parishioners; when, he took his Text from the New Testament in these Words, *Have Patience, and I will pay you all*. He divided his Discourse into two general Heads; first, *Have Patience*, secondly, *and I will pay you all*; He then expatiated very largely and elegantly on that most Christian Virtue, *Patience*; after which, *and now*, says he, *having done with my first Head, viz.*
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have Patience, *I come to my second and last general Head, which is and I will pay you all;—but that I must defer to another Opportunity.* Which excellent Conclusion, so pleas'd his Creditors, that they gave him his own Time to pay his Debts, assuring him, that they wou'd never, trouble him.

A Senator, who is not esteem'd the wisest Man in the House, has a Custom of shaking his Head when another speaks; which giving Offence to a particular Person, he complain'd of the Indignity. Hereupon, one who had been acquainted with the first Gentleman from a Child, as he told the House, assur'd them it was only the Effect of an ill Habit: *For,* says he, *though he often shakes his Head, there is nothing in it.*

A charitable Divine, for the Benefit of the Country, where he resided, caus'd a Causeway to be begun; and as he was one Day overlooking the Workmen, a certain Nobleman passing by, said, *Well, Doctor, for all your Pains and Charity, I don't take this to be the high Way to Heaven.* Very true, reply'd the Doctor; *for if it had, I shou'd have wonder'd to meet your Lordship here!*

King Charles II. being prevail'd upon, by one of his Courtiers, to knight a very worthless Fellow, and of mean Aspect; when he was going to lay the Sword upon his Shoulder, our new Knight drew back, and hung down his Head, as if out of Countenance. *Don't be asham'd,* says the King; *'tis I have the most Reason to be so.*

A Gentleman was saying one Day at the Tiltyard Coffee-house, when it rain'd excessive hard, that it put him in Mind of the *General Deluge.* Zoons, Sir, says an old Campaigner that stood by, who's that? I have heard of all the *Generals* in Europe, but him.

A young Gentleman, having got his Neighbour's Maid with Child, the Master, a grave Man, came to expostulate with him about it. Sir, said he, I wonder

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der you cou'd do so; *Prithee, where is the Wonder?* says the other, *If she had got me with Child, you might have wonder'd indeed.*

Some Gentlemen, coming out of a Tavern pretty merry, a Link-boy cry'd, have a Light, Gentlemen? Light yourself to the Devil, you Dog, says one of the Company. *Bless you, Master,* reply'd the Boy, *I can find the Way in the Dark—Shall I light your Worship thither?*

Faithful, was a cant Word in the Time of the Rump Parliament, by which, such were commonly meant, as were Enemies to Monarchy. Though *Waller*, the great Poet, gave a different Turn to it; for when a leading Person in *Lincolnshire*, at the beginning of the Rebellion, had seiz'd a good Number of the King's Horses, and writ to Mr. *Lenthall*, (the Speaker) to desire that the Parliament wou'd send down *faithful* and *skilful Riders* to be set upon them; *Waller* (upon reading the Letter to the House) observ'd that the Request was very proper: For, (says he) if we do not set *faithful Riders* upon them they will run away with the Horses, and if they are not *skilful*, the Horses will run away with them.

My Lord C*** looking out of his Window, among a Number of Creditors waiting about his Door, he observing one Fellow look more melancholy than the rest, sent for him in, and very gravely ask'd him the Cause, why really, Sir, my Debt has been long due—'Tis very true says my Lord, but I have a Friendship for thee, and therefore wou'd advise you to go home and mind your Trade, and not stand idling here, for I never shall pay thee; but as for those lazy Dogs, pointing to the others, let 'em wait on.

Sir *Godfrey Kneller* the Painter, and the late Doctor *Ratcliffe* had a Garden in common, but with one Gate; which Sir *Godfrey*, upon some Occasion order'd to be nail'd up. When the Doctor heard of it, he
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said, he did not care what Sir *Godfrey* did to the Gate, so he did not paint it. This being told Sir *Godfrey*; *Well*, reply'd he, *I can take that, or any Thing but Phyllic, from my good Friend, Doctor Ratcliffe.*

A Lieutenant of a Man of War, getting Leave of his Captain to spend a Month or two in Town, lodg'd in a House, where there were two Sisters, to the eldest of which he made his Addresses; but Matters not being brought to a Conclusion before his Time was expir'd, he was oblig'd to leave his Lady, and return to his Ship. He had not been many Weeks on board, before he receiv'd a melancholy Letter from his Mistress, in which she told him, that the Fruit of their Love now began to appear; and that, if he did not come and perform his Promise, her Reputation was gone. Among her other Complaints, she told him, that nothing vex'd her so much as the Reproaches of her Sister, who, upon the slightest Occasion, says she, calls me nothing but Whore; *whereas, to my certain Knowledge, she wou'd have been a Whore too had she not miscarried.*

A facetious Canon of *Windsor*, taking his Evening-walk as usual into the Town, met one of the Vicars at the Castle-gate, returning home somewhat elevated with generous Port. So, says the Canon, from whence comes you? I don't know, Mr. Canon, replies the Vicar; *I have been spinning out this Afternoon with a few Friends.* Ay, and now, says the Canon, *you are reeling it Home.*

A few Days before the Battle of *Fontenoy*, a Party of Hussars who were foraging, met with a Party of *French* Horse, who came to reconnoitre, upon which a Skirmish ensued; but the *French* being soon put to flight, were pursued by the Hussars. The *French* Officer, richly dress'd, and better mounted than the rest, soon left them all behind, except one Hussar, who having a good Horse under him, kept close at his Heels; when the Officer thought he was out of Danger, he look'd back, and finding he had but one

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Enemy to contend with, boldly turn'd his Horse, and fired at him; but the intrepid Hussar advanc'd, without touching his Pistols, tho' his Antagonist had fired twice. The *Frenchman*, having no more Powder and Balls, surrender'd himself Prisoner; and as they were returning, the Officer told him, he was a bold Fellow; and ask'd him, why he did not fire in his own Defence? to which the Hussar pleasantly reply'd, *'Twas for your Coat I follow'd you so close, and perhaps, had I fired, I shou'd have made a Hole in it.*

A Roman Catholick, after the Revolution, took the Oaths to the King; for which he received a severe Censure from his Priest, who ask'd him, how he could be so base? *Why*, replied the Gentleman, *is it not much better to trust my Soul with God, than my Estate with the King.*

A Chaplain at the Hospital in *Flanders*, attending a Soldier at the Point of Death, desired another Soldier that stood by, to come and join in Prayer; to which he answer'd, *No, Sir, I thank you, mine is only an Ague.*

A Clergyman of great Openness and Sincerity, being made one of the King's Chaplains, the Queen told him, that she was very glad that so honest a Man, and one that wou'd not be afraid to speak the Truth, was come to Court; and at the same Time beg'd, that he wou'd, without any Scruple, tell her her Faults. Upon which, the Doctor, without any Ceremony charg'd her with being covetous. Well, Doctor, says she, now tell me another. *No*, quoth the Doctor, *your Majesty must mend that first.*

A rude quarrelsome Fellow, seeing a Man walking very fast before him, cried out Halloo! you Mr. Cuckold, look behind you.' This he repeated so often, that he rais'd the Street upon the poor innocent Traveller, who being at last provok'd, threw a Stone, which broke his Head; feeling the Smart, and seeing the Blood, he ran hastily to a Justice, to complain of
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the Injury. The Justice inquiring into the Merits of the Cause, and knowing well the Complainant's Character, told him, he ought not to be angry, for the Man was certainly his Friend; who knowing that his Wit had long been too blunt for his Neighbours, had kindly given him a *Whetstone*.

Czar Peter when he was in *Holland*, hearing there was a Man then in Confinement, who had been three Times tortur'd, but in vain, to make him discover his Accomplices; and being amaz'd at his Fortitude, had the Curiosity to see him, and accordingly went to his Cell, when he discover'd who he was to the Prisoner, and told him that he was surpriz'd how any Man cou'd have the Courage to suffer what he had done, and was still likely to do, when by a Confession he might free himself; and at the same Time desir'd that he wou'd tell him for his own Satisfaction, whether he had any Accomplices or not, and promis'd, on the Word of a King, that it shou'd never go any farther. The Prisoner, looking at the *Czar* with a steady Countenance, said in a solemn Manner, *Can your Majesty keep a Secret?* the *Czar* replied, Yes, I can. *And so can I, quoth the Prisoner.*

An Actress, belonging to *Drury-lane Theatre*, somewhat vain of her Singing, was tuning her Pipes in the green Room, whilst an Actor, remarkable for his Strength of Expression, sat in a pensive Posture, with a Chew of Tobacco in his Mouth. Mr. *Gravity*, says the Lady, don't you think I sing like *Sig-niora*, &c. Rot me, Madam, if I was thinking about you, quoth he. Why, how now, Sauce-Box, says she, 'tis not long since I saw you act the Part of *Timothy Rag* in your own Cloaths, and the whole House observ'd you was well dress'd for the Part. Madam, says the Actor, *if spitting upon you was not taking Notice of you, I wou'd do it.*

A good humour'd Wife, abusing her Husband on his mercenary Disposition, told him, that if she was dead, he wou'd marry the Devil's eldest Daughter,
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if he cou'd get any Thing by it. That's true, reply'd the Husband, but the worst of it is *one can't marry two Sisters.*

A Gentleman who was very morose and ill-natur'd at Home in his Family, was remarkably facetious and merry abroad, infomuch that he was more than ordinarily entertaining wherever he went; which occasioned a Lady, once at a merry Meeting where he was, to say to one present, who knew him well. *Surely, if that Gentleman's married, his Wife must be extremely happy; for he is quite the Fiddle of the Company; Very true, Madam, says the Gentleman, but he always hangs his Fiddle up at the Door, when he goes Home.*

Some Soldiers quarter'd in a Country Town, meeting a Farmer on the Road, a little Way out of Town, in a dark Night, robb'd him of his great Coat and Money. The Farmer went immediately to one of the Captains of the Regiment, to make Complaint. *Honest Friend, says the Captain, when the Soldiers robb'd you, had you that Coat on which you have now, Yes Sir, answer'd the poor Man; Why then, replied the Captain, you may depend on't that they do not belong to my Company, for they wou'd not have left that, nor even your Shirt.*

A Clergyman who was inclin'd to write Notes on *Shakespear's* Plays, carried a Specimen of his Performance to a certain Actor, and desired his Opinion. *Sir, says the Player, I wonder People won't mind their own Affairs: You may spoil your own Bible, if you please; but, pray let ours alone.*

Fortune seeing a Child sleeping by the Side of a Well, awaked him, saying, arise from hence, you little Fool, for if you shou'd happen to fall in, it wou'd be afterwards said, that *Fortune*, not your *Folly*, had been the Cause of it.

A certain Soldier, who was seized with a panic Fear, came running to *Leonidas*, and said to him, the
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Enemy, O *Leonidas*, are upon us; then we certainly are upon them, replied *Leonidas*. To another Soldier, who told him, the Enemy were so numerous, that their Darts obscured the Sun: *So much the better*, says he, *for then we shall have the Pleasure of fighting in the Shade.*

A certain Gentleman, being very angry with one of his Neighbours, about some Expressions which had been told him again, cried out, the Devil take all the *Cuckolds*, I wish they were all in the River. Upon which his Wife answer'd, O dear, *Husband*, how can you make such a *Wish*, when you know you can't swim?

As the King of *France* was passing over the *Pont-neuf* at *Paris*, on a Winter's Day, he saw a *Gascoon* very thinly clad, looking into the Water; and riding up to him, ask'd him if he was not cold? Upon which the *Gascoon* answer'd, *No and please your Majesty; and if you'd do as I do you wou'd not be cold neither.* How is that, says the King? *Why*, wear all your *Cloaths* at once, replied the *Gascoon*.

A Gentleman, riding through a River, which he suppos'd deep, bid his Servant go before. But he, to shew his Politeness, replied, *I never will be guilty of so much ill Manners; pray, Sir, do you cross over first.*

A Footman who had married a Shrew to his Wife, told his Master he had married an Heiress, the Gentleman expecting to hear the Lady was a great Catch, and of a noble Family, enquiring farther about her, was told by his Man *John*, that the Devil had only one Daughter and he had married her.

When the first Mr. *Penn*, the Proprietor of *Pennsylvania*, and the most considerable Man among the Quakers, went to Court to pay his Respects to *Charles* the second, that merry Monarch, observing the Quaker not to lower his Beaver, took off his own Hat, and stood uncover'd before *Penn*. Who said, Prithee,

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Prithce, Friend *Charles*, put on thy Hat; No, says the King, Friend *Penn*, it is usual for only one Man to be cover'd here.

A Wag merrily told Mr. *Cibber*, when his Print of Mr. *Pope* and the Coffee-house Girl came out, that he had publish'd *Pope's* Essay on *Woman*.

Young 'Squire *Booby*, just come from his first Term at the University, was willing to give his Parents a Specimen of his Improvement there. Father, says he, I can chop Logic; Ay, says his Father, how is that *Tom*? Why, says *Tom*, here de zee, Father, are a Couple of Fowls at Table, I can prove they are three Fowls—How's that, quoth the Father? Why, there's one, says *Tom*, and there's two, pointing to the Dish, and don't one and two make three, Father? Well, Dame, says the Father, *Tom's* a Conjuror. You take one Fowl, and I'll eat t'other, and let *Tom* have the third for his Logick.

A Lady of Quality's Woman, who was mighty ignorant, and very much affected the Use of hard Words, and odd Similies, having been slighted by the Valet-de-chambre, who had once made Love to her, she encourag'd the Addressee of the Butler, who offer'd himself as her humble Servant; the Valet, notwithstanding he had been very cool towards her before, cou'd not bear to see a Rival, (a common Thing in Matters of Love) and began to be sweet upon her again; but Madam, pushed him away with a second-hand genteel Scorn, saying at the same Time with an affected Air, *Pray forbear your Redresses to me, Fellow, 'tis true, I lov'd you once as if Heaven and Earth were coming together; but now, I like you no more than an Apple's like an Oyster.*

An Italian was accused for marrying five Wives, when being carried before the Judge, he was asked why he had married so many? He answered, *in order to meet with a good one, if possible.*

A *French Marquis*, being one Day at Dinner at *Roger Williams's*, the famous Punster and Publican, was boasting of the happy Genius of his Nation, in projecting all the fine Modes and Fashions; particularly the *Ruffle*, which he said, *was de fine Ornament to de Hand*; and had been followed by *de oder Nations*. *Roger* allow'd what he said, but observ'd at the same Time, *that the English, according to Custom, had made a great Improvement upon their Invention, by adding a Shirt to it.*

One who was grown rich of a sudden, from a very mean and beggerly Condition, and began to take great State upon him, was met one Day by a poor Acquaintance, who accosted him in a very humble Manner, but being taken no Notice of, cried out, *Nay, it is no great Wonder you shou'd not know me, when you have forgot yourself.*

An *English Gentleman* ask' *Sir Richard Steele*, who was an *Irishman*, what was the Reason his Countrymen were so remarkable for blundering, and making Bulls? *Faith!* says the Knight, *I believe there is something in the Air of Ireland; and I dare say, if an Englishman was born there, he wou'd do the same.*

The Lord *Jefferies* pleading at the Bar, before he was made a Judge; a Country Fellow, giving Evidence against his Client, push'd the Matter very strongly; *Jefferies*, after his usual Way, called out to the Fellow, Harkee, you Fellow in the Leather Doublet! What have you for swearing? To which the Countryman reply'd, *Faith, Sir, if you had no more for lying, than I have for Swearing, you might e'en wear a Leather Doublet too.*

It being prov'd on a Tryal at *Guildhall*, that a Man's Name was really *Inch*, who had taken the Name of *Linch*; *I see*, said the Judge, *the old Proverb is verified in this Man, who, being allowed an Inch, has taken an L.*

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In Eighty-eight, as Queen *Elizabeth* went from *Temple-bar* along *Fleetstreet*, on some Proceſſion, the Lawyers were rang'd on one Side, and the Citizens on the other; ſays the Lord *Bacon*, then a Student in the *Temple*, to another that ſtood next him, obſerve the Courtiers; *if they bow firſt to the Citizens, they are in Debt; if to us, they are in Law.*

One ask'd his Friend, why he, ſo proper a Man himſelf, marry'd ſo ſmall a Wife? *Why?* ſaid he, *I thought you had known, that of all Evils we ſhou'd chuſe the leaſt.*

Mr. *Congreve*, going up the Water in a Boat, one of the Watermen told him, as they paſs'd by *Peterborough Houſe* at *Mill-bank*, that Houſe had ſunk a Story. No, Friend, ſays he; *I rather believe it is a Story rais'd.*

It was ask'd in Company, where Lord *C—d* was preſent, whether the *Piers* of *Westminster Bridge* were to be of Wood or Stone? *Oh!* ſays his Lordſhip, *of Stone to be ſure; for we have too many wooden Peers already.*

Profeſſor *W**** had a moſt remarkable long Noſe. A young Spark, who ſat oppoſite to him at Table, having a Mind to be witty, tho' at the Expence of good Manners, ſaid, Mr *President*, you have a Drop at your Noſe. *Have I, Child,* ſays he, *then do you wipe it, for it is nearer to you than me.*

A young Gentleman, who had an Inclination to get upon the Stage, applied to Mr. *Rich*, who deſired him to ſpeak ſome Lines of Tragedy, in the famous Soliloquy of *Hamlet*. The Gentleman began in a very diſagreeable Manner, *To be or not to be, that is the Queſtion—Not to be,* ſays *Rich*, and ſo left him to rant by himſelf.

The Lord *N—b* and *G—y*, being at an Aſſembly at the Theatre-Royal in the *Hay-market*, told Mr.
C 3 *Heidegger,*

Heidegger, he wou'd make him a Present of rool: if he wou'd produce him an uglier Face than his, within a Year and a Day. Mr. *Heidegger* instantly fetch'd a Glass, and presenting it to his Lordship, said, *he did not doubt but he had Honour enough to keep his Promise.*

An *English* Gentleman, being in *Brecknockshire*, often diverted himself with Shooting; but, suspected not to be qualify'd by one of the busy *Welch* Justices, his Worship told him, if he did not produce his Qualification, he shou'd not shoot there; for, said he, *I have two little Manors.* Yes, Sir, said the *English* Gentleman, *any Body may perceive that.* Perceive what? cries the Justice. *That you have too little Manners,* says the other.

A Gentleman, speaking of *Peggy Yates* the famous Courtezan, who had always abundance of fine Cloaths said, *she was like a Squirrel, for she cover'd her Back with her Tail.*

A Soldier was bragging before *Julius Cæsar*, of the Wounds he had receiv'd in his Face. *Cæsar*, knowing him to be a Coward, said, *he had best take heed the next Time he ran away, how he look'd back.*

A young Lady, who being lately married, on seeing her Husband about to rise pretty early in the Morning, said, what, my Dear, are you getting up already? Pray lie a little longer, and rest yourself. No, my Dear, replied the Husband, *I'll get up and rest myself.*

A Gentleman, calling for small Beer at his Friend's Table, and finding it very flat, gave it back to the Servant, without drinking. What! said the Master of the House, don't you like the Beer? it is not to be found Fault with. No, answer'd the other, *we shou'd never speak ill of the Dead.*

The Duke of *Buckingham*, one Day making his Complaint to Sir *John Cutler*, a rich Miser, of the Disorder

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Disorder of his Affairs, ask'd what he shou'd do to prevent the Ruin of his Estate? Live as I do, my Lord, said Sir *John*, *That I can*, answer'd the Duke, *when my Estate is gone.*

At another Time, a Person, who had been a long Time dependant upon his Grace, beg'd his Interest for him at Court, and to press the Matter more home upon the Duke, told him, *that he had nobody to depend upon, but God and his Grace.* Then, says the Duke, you are in a miserable Way; *for, you cou'd not have pitch'd upon any, who have less Interest at Court.*

An *Irishman* being at a Tavern, where the Cook was dressing some Carp, observ'd some of them move after they were gutted and put into the Pan; which much surprizing *Teague*, said he, *Now, of all the Christian Creatures I ever saw, this same Carp will live the longest after it is dead, of any Fish.*

A young Gentlewoman, married to a very wild Spark, who had made away with a plentiful Estate, and was reduced to some Streights, said very innocently to him one Day, My Dear, I want some Shifts sadly. *Zounds, Madam*, replied he, *how can that be, when we make so many every Day?*

A poor ingenious Servitor at *Oxford*, not able to purchase a new Pair of Shoes, when his old ones were very bad, got them capp'd at the Toes; upon which, being banter'd by some of his Companions, *Why shou'd they not be capp'd*, said he, *I am sure they are Fellows?*

Two inseparable Companions of the Guards in *Flanders*, had every Thing in common between them; one was very extravagant, and unfit to be trusted with Money, hereupon the other was always Purse-bearer, which he sav'd but little by; for the former wou'd often pick his Pocket in the Night, to the last Stiver. To prevent this, he bethought himself of a Stratagem, and coming the next Day among his Com-

panions, brag'd how he had bit his Comrade. Ay, how? said they. *Why*, replied he, *I hid my Money in his own Pocket last Night; and I'm sure he'll never look for it there.*

In Queen Anne's Reign, the Lord B—married three Wives, who were all his Servants. A Beggar-woman, meeting him one Day in the Street, made him a very low Curtsey: *Ah! God Almighty bless you*, said she, *and send you a long Life; if you do but live long enough, we shall all be Ladies in Time.*

Diogenes begging, as was the Custom of many Heathen Philosphers, ask'd an extravagant Man for more than he did any other. Hereupon, one said to him, I see you know your Business; where you find a generous Person, you will make the most of him. No, said *Diogenes*, *but I design to beg of the rest again.*

King Charles II. being in Company with Lord Rochester and other Nobles, who had been drinking best Part of the Night, Killigrew came in. Now, says the King, we shall hear of our Faults. No, faith! says Killigrew, *I don't care to trouble myself with that which all the Town talks of.*

We commonly say, second Thoughts are best, and young Women, who pretend to be averse to Marriage, desire not to be taken at their Words. One ask'd a Girl, *if she wou'd have him; Faith! no*, John, says she; *but you may have me if you will.*

A Butcher in Smithfield, lying at the Point of Death, said to his Wife, My Dear, I am not long for this World, therefore advise you to marry our Man John; he's a lusty strong Fellow, fit for your Business. O! dear Husband, said she, *never let that trouble you for John and I have agreed upon the Matter already,*

Some Men and their Wives, who all liv'd on the same Side of a Street, being merry making at a Neighbour's House; said one of the Husbands, it's reported
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that all the Men in our Row are Cuckolds, but one. Soon after, his Wife being thoughtful, what makes you sad, my Dear? said he, I hope you are not offended at what I said. *No*, said she, *I'm only considering who that one can be.*

A Woman prosecuted a Gentleman for a Rape; upon Tryal the Judge ask'd her, if she made any Resistance? *I cried out*, and please your Lordship, said the Woman. *Ay*, said one of the Witnesses, *but that was nine Months after.*

In the latter Part of Queen *Anne's* Reign, *Tom* — dining one Day with the Lord *Mayor*, after two or three Healths, the Ministry was toasted; but when it came to *Tom's* Turn to drink, he diverted it for some Time by telling a Story to the Person who sat next him. The chief Magistrate of the City, not seeing his Toast go round, call'd out, Gentlemen, where sticks the Ministry? *At nothing*, by G— says *Tom*, and drank off his Glass.

An *Oxford* Vintner, complaining to his Man that there were no Bottles left, tho' he had laid in a large Stock very lately—No Wonder, says the Fellow, for all those that were Measure you broke, and all that were not Measure the Scholars have broke:

A good Woman quarrelling with her Husband, for being somewhat too familiar with the Servant Maid, charg'd him with many other Facts of the like Nature, which he knowing himself innocent of, said to her, *Indeed, Wife, you will lie with any Woman in the Kingdom, that's your Failing.* *No, you Rogue*, replied the good Woman, in a great Rage, *it is you that will lie with any Woman, and that's the Reason I am in such a Passion with you.*

An *English* Officer, who had no Notion of being civil at the Expence of Sincerity, was travelling in a barren Country, where meeting with a Gentleman, they rode together about four Miles, when the Gen-

tleman turning to the Captain, said, Now all the Ground we have hitherto gone over, is my Property. Egad, says the Captain, I have an Apple-tree in *Herefordshire*, that I wou'd not swop with you for it all.

A certain Nobleman a Courtier, in the Beginning of the late Reign, coming out of the House of Lords, accosted the Duke of *Buckingham*, with how does your Pot boil, my Lord, these troublesome Times? To which his Grace replied, *I never go into my Kitchen, but I dare to say the Scum is uppermost.*

A melting Sermon being preached in a Country Church, all the Congregation fell a weeping, but one Man; who being asked why he did not weep with the rest? *Oh!* said he, *I belong to another Parish.*

A Country Squire asked a merry *Andrew*, why he play'd the Fool? *For the same Reason*, says he, *as you do; out of Want: You do it for Want of Wit, I for Want of Money.*

A Gentleman in the Country, whose Wife had the Misfortune to hang herself on an Apple-tree, a Neighbour came in, and begg'd he wou'd give him a Cyon of that Tree, that he might graft it upon one in his own Orchard; *for who knows*, said he, *but it may bear the same Fruit?*

A noble Duke, who stammer'd so much, that he was oblig'd to have a Servant stand by him to repeat what he said, ask'd a Clergyman at his Table, by Way of Joke, if he knew what was the Reason that *Balaam's* Ass spoke? The Clergyman not understanding him, the Servant repeated what his Grace had said, to which the Parson pleasantly answer'd, that *Balaam* stutter'd, and his Ass spoke for him.

The same noble Duke ask'd a Clergyman once at the Bottom of his Table, why the Goose, if there was one, was always plac'd next to the Parson? Really, said he, *I can give no Reason for it; but your* *Question*

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Question is so odd, that I shall never see a Goose for the Future, without thinking upon your Lordship.

A Countryman sowing his Field, and two smart Fellows riding by, one of 'em call'd to him with an insolent Air; well, honest Countryman, it is your Business to sow, but we reap the Fruits of your Labour. To which the Farmer replied, *It is very likely you may, for truly I am sewing Hemp.*

The late Colonel *Charters* reflecting upon his ill Life and public Character, told a Nobleman, if such a Thing as a good Name could be purchased, he would freely give 10,000*l.* for it. The Nobleman said, it would be the worst Money he ever laid out in his Life. Why so? says the Colonel, *Because,* replied his Lordship, *you would certainly forfeit it again in less than a Week.*

Three Gentlemen being at a Tavern, whose Names were *Moor*, *Strange*, and *Wright*; says the last, there is but one Cuckold in Company, and that's *Strange*; yes, answer'd *Strange*, here is one *Moor*; Ay! said *Moor*, that's *Wright*.

The Dutchess of *Newcastle*, who wrote Plays and Romances in King *Charles* the Second's Time, asked Bishop *Wilkins*, How she could get up to the World in the Moon which he had discovered? for as the Journey must needs be very long, there would be no Possibility of going through, without baiting by the Way. Oh! Madam, said the Bishop, *Your Grace has built so many Castles in the Air, you cannot want a Place to bait at.*

A Country Squire being in Company with his Mistress, and wanting his Servant, cried out, where is the Blockhead? Upon your Shoulders, said the Lady.

It was a beautiful Turn given by a great Lady, who being ask'd where her Husband was, when he lay concealed for having been deeply concern'd in a Conspiracy?

Conspiracy? resolutely answer'd, I have hid him. This frank Confession drew her before the King, who told her, nothing but discovering where her Lord was concealed could save her from Torture; and will that do, Sir? says the Lady; Yes, replied the King, I have given my Word for it. *Then, says she, I have hid him in my Heart, there you'll find him.* Which surprising Answer charmed her Enemies, and turned aside the King's Resentment.

A Country Gentleman riding down Cornhill, his Horse stumbled and threw him at a Shop Door, the Mistress whereof, being a pleasant Woman, and seeing no Hurt done, ask'd whether his Horse used to serve him so? Yes, said he, whenever he comes to the Door of a Cuckold. *Dear Sir, said she, I would advise you to go back again, for you will have a hundred Falls before you get to the Top of Cheapside.*

The old Lord *Stamford* taking a Bottle with the Parson of the Parish, was commending his own Wine. Here, Doctor, said he, I can send a Couple of Ho—Ho—Ho—Hounds to *Fra—Fra—France*, for his Lordship had a great Impediment in his Speech, and have a Ho—Ho—Hoghead of Wine for 'em. What do you say to that Doctor? *Why, my Lord, replies the Doctor, I think your Lordship has your Wine Dog-cheap.*

A Person having two very wicked Sons, one of whom robb'd him of his Money, the other of his Goods, his Neighbours came in to condole his Misfortune, when one of them told him, *He might sue the Hundred for the Loss, as he had been robb'd between Son and Son.*

A Dyer in a Court of Justice being ordered to hold up his Hand, which was all black; *Take off your Glove, Friend, said the Judge to him. Put on your Spectacles, my Lord, answer'd the Dyer,*

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One who was formerly in good Circumstances, but had squander'd away his Estate, and had left himself no more Necessaries than a sorry Bed, a little Table, a few broken Chairs, and other such Lumber, seeing a Gang of Thieves endeavouring to break into his House one Night, he bawl'd out to them; *Are ye not a damn'd Pack of Fools! to think to find any Thing here in the Dark, where I can find nothing by Day-light.*

Two Ladies just return'd from Bath, were telling a Gentleman how well they lik'd the Place, and how it agreed with them; the first had been very ill, and receiv'd great Benefit from the Waters; but pray, Madam, what did you go for, said he to the second? *Mere Wantonness*, replied she; and, pray Madam, did it cure you?

A Youth standing by while his Father was at Play, and observing him to lose a good deal of Money, burst out in Tears; his Father ask'd the Reason why he wept, *Oh, Sir*, said he, *I have heard that Alexander the Great wept when he was told that his Father Philip had conquer'd a great many Towns, Cities and Countries, fearing he would leave him nothing to win; but I weep for fear you should leave me nothing to lose.*

A drunken Fellow having made away with all his Goods, except his Feather-bed, was at length obliged to part with that too; for which being reproved by some Friends, *Phoh!* says he, *I am very well, thank God, and why shou'd I keep my Bed.*

In a Cause tried at the *King's Bench*, a Witness was produced who had a very red Nose, and one of the Counsel, who had a good Stock of Assurance, being desirous to put him out of Countenance, called out to him after he was sworn, well, let's hear what you have to say with your Copper Nose; *Why, Sir*, said he, *by the Oath I have taken, I would not exchange my Copper-Nose for your Brazen-Face.*

Two *English* Officers, after lodging a Night in a poor Hut, were endeavouring to get rid of some Attendants that stuck pretty close to them; one was taking off the slowest of the two, when the other cried out, *Z—ds, what are you doing? Let us first secure the Dragoons; we can take the Foot at Leisure.*

A droll Fellow who had a wooden Leg, being in Company with one who was somewhat soft and credulous, the latter ask'd the former, how he came to have a wooden Leg? *Why,* says the Fellow, *my Father had one, and my Grandfather before him; it runs in the Blood.*

Rabelais one Day walking in the Streets of *Paris*, had pressing Occasion to go to a Necessary-House; but not knowing any body in the Street where he was taken, a Thought came suddenly into his Head, in order to relieve his present Necessity, and at the same Time, to afford himself Matter of Merriment; he went into an Upholsterer's Shop, just at Hand, and ask'd him if he sold Close-stools; the Man answer'd Yes, and immediately shewed him one: *Have you none handsomer than this,* says *Rabelais*, *shew me some covered genteely with different coloured Velvets.*

While the Shopkeeper went backwards to fetch them, *Rabelais* let down his Breeches, and made use of that which was first brought to him. The Upholsterer returning with the others, and seeing him in such a Posture, called *Sir, Sir, What are you about? Only trying it,* answer'd *Rabelais*: Then putting up his Breeches, walked away, saying, *They won't do for me, they are all too low.*

A Book was published in *Queen Elizabeth's* Time, which gave her great Offence; hereupon she ask'd *Lord Bacon*, if he could find no Treason in it? *No, Madam,* said he, *but abundance of Felony; for the Author has stole half his Conceits out of Tacitus.*

King Charles II. coming through *Shore-Ditch*, from *New-Market*, observed a Wall lately made of Horns there,

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there, which is common in that Road, and bid Lord Rochester, who was with him in the Coach, take Notice of it. *Ay, Sir, said he, the Citizens have been laying their Heads together to mend the Way against your Majesty came by.*

A Scholar declaiming in a College-Hall, having a bad Memory, was at a Stand, and, in a low Voice, desired one who stood close by him to help him out; *No, says the other, methinks you are out enough already.*

A great Lord, who had run himself over Head and Ears in Debt, and seeming quite easy about the Matter, was ask'd one Day by a Friend, how he could sleep so well, when he was so much in Debt? *For my Part, replied my Lord, I sleep very well, but I wonder how my Creditors can!*

A Schoolmaster ask'd one of his Boys in a sharp Winter-morning, what was *Latin* for Cold? the Boy hesitating a little, the Master said, What, Sirrah, can't you tell? *Yes, Sir, says the Boy, I have it at my Fingers Ends.*

Mr. Pope, being at Dinner with a noble Duke, had his own Servant in Livery waiting upon him; the Duke ask'd, Why he, that eat mostly at other People's Tables, should be such a Fool as to keep a Fellow in Livery only to laugh at him? *'Tis true, answer'd the Poet, I keep but one to laugh at me, but your Grace has the Honour to keep a Dozen.*

An impudent ridiculous Fellow, being laughed at by all that came into his Company, told some of his Acquaintance, that he had the happy Quality of laughing at all those who laughed at him; *then, said one of them, you lead the merriest Life of any Man, in Christendom.*

A Lord, endeavouring to persuade one of his Dependants to marry his cast-off Mistress, said, tho' she had been used a little, when she had got a good Husband,

band, she might turn ; *Ay, but, my Lord,* replied the other, *she has been so much used, that I'm afraid she is not worth turning.*

A Gentleman falling to Decay, and obliged to shift about where he could, among the rest, visited an old Acquaintance, and staid with him seven Days, in which Time the Man began to grow weary of his Guest, and, to get rid of him, pretended to fall out with his Wife, by which Means their Fare was very slender ; The Gentleman, aware of the Design, but not knowing where to mend his Quarters, told them, *He had been there seven Days, and had not seen any Difference between 'em before ; and that he was resolved to stay seven Weeks longer, but he wou'd see them Friends again.*

Ben. Johnson, being one Night at the Devil-Tavern, there was a Country Gentleman in the Company, who interrupted all their Discourse with an Account of his Lands and Tenements ; at last *Ben*, unable to bear with it any longer, said, What signifies your Dirt and your Clods to us ? where you have one Acre of Land, I have ten Acres of Wit. Have you so ? reply'd the Countryman, *good Mr. Wiseacre ?* This unexpected Repartee from the Clown struck *Ben* mute for some Time ; why, how now *Ben* ? says one of the Company, you seem to be quite stung ; *Why, I never was so prick'd by a Hobnail before,* reply'd he.

A droll Fellow who got a Livelihood by fidling at Fairs and about the Country, was one Day met by an Acquaintance that had not seen him a great while, who accosted him thus, *Bless me ! what are you alive ! Why not,* answer'd the Fidler, *did you send any Body to kill me ?* No replies the other, *but I was told you was dead ; Ay, so it was reported it seems,* says the Fidler, *but I knew it was a Lie as soon as I heard it.*

In a Company of merry Companions over a chearful Bowl, when different Toasts were going round, a Gentleman

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Gentleman whose Name was *Brown*, toasted an absent Lady, which he had done for many Years tho' he never had the Courage to speak to her, upon which one who sat next him, said, *I believe, Sir, you have toasted that Lady these seven Years at least, and 'tis surprizing she's not Brown yet.*

A young Fellow being told his Mistress was married, and the better to convince him of it, the Gentleman added, that he had seen the Bride and Bridegroom; Prithee, said the forsaken Swain, do not call them by those Names, I can't bear to hear 'em. Shall I call them Dog and Cat, answer'd the other? *Oh! no, for Heav'n's sake,* replied the first, *that sounds ten Times more like Man and Wife than t'other*

The Rev. Mr. *W—n*, the famous Astronomer, made a Calculation, that the World would be at an End in Eighteen Years; and, sometime after, being about to dispose of a little Estate, he ask'd the Buyer, thirty Years Purchase; upon which, in great Surprise, the Gentleman demanded, *With what Face he could ask so much, when he well knew the World would be at an End in little more than half that Time.*

Dr. *South*, visiting a Gentleman one Morning, was ask'd to stay Dinner, which he accepting of, the Gentleman stepped into the next Room and told his Wife, and desired she'd provide something extraordinary. Hereupon she began to murmur and scold, and made a Thousand Words; till at length, her Husband, provok'd at her Behaviour, protested, that, if it was not for the Stranger in the next Room, he would kick her out of Doors. Upon which the Doctor, who heard all that passed, immediately stepped out, crying, *I beg, Sir, you'll make no Stranger of me.*

A Lawyer and Physician, having a Dispute about Precedence, refer'd it to *Diogenes*, who gave it in favour of the Lawyer in these Terms; *Let the Thief go before, and the Executioner follow.*

Two

Two Fellows meeting, one ask'd the other, why he look'd so sad? I have good Reason for it, answer'd the other, poor *Jack* such a one, the greatest Croney and best Friend I had in the World, was hang'd but two Days ago. What had he done, says the first? Alas! replied the other, he did no more than you or I should have done on the like Occasion; he found a Bridle on the Road, and took it up; What! says the other, hang a Man for taking up a Bridle? That's hard, indeed! *To tell the Truth of the Matter*, says the other, *there was a Horse tied to the other End of it.*

Some Repartees, tho' strictly speaking, ought not to be brought under the Head of Jest, yet, for the Readiness of Thought, are somewhat better. Of this Sort, was the Answer made by *Robert Sutton*, to the late King of *Prussia*, on his asking him at a Review of his tall Grenadiers, if he cou'd say an equal Number of *Englishmen* cou'd beat 'em? *No, Sir*, answer'd Sir *Robert*, *I won't pretend to say that, but I believe half the Number wou'd try.*

A Gentleman arrested for a large Sum, sent to an Acquaintance, who had often profess'd great Friendship to him, to beg he wou'd be his Bail; the other told him, he had promis'd never to be Bail for any Man, but with much Kindness said, *I'll tell you what you may do, you may get somebody else if you can.*

Mr. *Amner*, going through a Street in *Windsor*, two Boys look'd out of a one Pair of Stairs Window, and cry'd, There goes Mr. *Amner*, that makes so many Bulls! He hearing them, look'd back, saying, *You Rascals, I know you well enough; if I had you here, I'd throw you down Stairs.*

A Gentleman intending to build a House, desired the Judgment of his Workmen as to the Cost; they assured him, it wou'd not exceed two Hundred Pounds—That Sum wou'd be the *Outside*; and truly so the Gentleman found it, for he had all the *Inside* of his House to finish, after the 200 was expended.
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The Earl of *C—d*, notwithstanding his great good Nature, was, at a certain Time, oblig'd to lay his Cane over the Shoulders of Sir *Harry ******, who took it very patiently; some Time after, Sir *Harry* himself can'd a Fellow, who was a great Coward; upon which, my Lord meeting him next Day, told him he was glad to hear he behav'd so gallantly Yesterday. *Ay, my Lord*, said he, *you and I know who we beat.*

A young Man, who was a very great Talker, making a Bargain with *Isocrates*, to be taught by him; *Isocrates* ask'd double the Sum his other Pupils paid, and the Reason is, said he, *I must be oblig'd to teach thee two Sciences; one to speak, and the other to hold thy Tongue.*

Two Gentlemen, one nam'd *Chambers*, the other *Garret*, riding by *Tyburn* together; says the First, *This is a very pretty Tenement, if it had but a Garret. You Fool!* says *Garret*, *don't you know there must be Chambers first?*

Tom Clark of *St. John's*, desired a Fellow of the same College, to lend him *Bishop Burnet's History of the Reformation*; the other told him, he cou'd not possibly spare it out of his Chamber, but if he pleas'd he might come there and read it all Day long. Some Time after, the same Gentleman sends to *Tom*, to borrow his Bellows; *Tom* sent him Word, *he cou'd not possibly spare them out of his Chamber, but he might come there and blow all Day long if he wou'd.*

Two Gentlemen, the one nam'd *Woodcock*, the other *Fuller*, walking together, happen'd to see an Owl; says the last, *That Bird is very like a Woodcock.* *You are wrong*, says the first, *for it is Fuller in the Head, Fuller in the Eyes, and Fuller all over,*

A Dutches, in a late Reign, hearing that a Man in a high Post, where he had the Opportunity of fin-gering a great deal of Money, had married his kept
Mistress;

Mistress: *Dear me*, said she, *that Fellow is always robbing the Publick.*

A Gentleman having Occasion to buy a Horse, and being no Judge in Horse-Flesh, went to a Dealer whom he knew, and told him he wanted to buy a good Horse, but as he was ignorant how to make a proper Choice, would leave it to him; that he expected he (the Dealer) would put a good one into his Hands without a single Fault, and that the Gentleman would not beat him down as to Price; a Bargain was made, the Jockey declaring, that to his Knowledge, the Horse had not one Fault; and the Money was paid down. But Jockies will be Rogues; in a Day or two the Gentleman discovered, that, notwithstanding the Eyes of his Horse to all Appearance were good, he was in Effect as blind as a Stone; upon this, the Gentleman demanded the Return of his Money, which the Jockey had the Impudence to evade, by saying, *I told you the Beast had no Fault, and I swear to you now that I do not know of one; as to his being blind, I confess he is so, but that's a Misfortune, not a Fault.*

A Man having been at very high Words with his Wife, said in a Passion, he would never bed with her again; but not being possess'd of two Beds, he fix'd a Board in the Middle of that one they had, to make a Separation; in this State they continued some Time, 'till one Night as both lay awake, wishing for a Reconciliation, but neither caring to make the first Advances, the Husband chanced to sneeze; upon which his Wife kindly said, *Heavens bless you, my Dear. Do you speak that from your Heart?* says the Man; *Indeed I do*, answered she: *Well then*, says he, *away the Board.*

The Lord ***** when Mrs. Rogers the Actress was young and handsome, used to dangle after her; and one Night being behind the Scenes, standing with his Arms folded in the Posture of a desponding Lover,

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Lover, ask'd her with a Sigh, *what was a Cure for Love? Your Lordship*, said she, *is the best in the World.*

A late *Pope*, being descended from a very mean Family, on his Advancement to the Holy See, bestowed great Preferments on his beggarly Relations. Hereupon *Pasquin* the next Festival, very early in the Morning, was observed to have an exceeding dirty Shirt on, with a Scroll of Paper in his Hand; wherein was written, *How now, Pasquin, what! so dirty on a Holy-Day?* and under that his Answer, *Alas! I have no clean Linen, my Washerwoman is made a Princess.*

It was said of one, who remembered every Thing he lent, and nothing he borrowed, *That he had lost half his Memory.*

A knavish Attorney asking a very honest Gentleman, what was Honesty? He answer'd, *What is that to you? meddle with those Things which concern you.*

Not many Years ago, a temporal Peer, in a very pathetic and elegant Speech, exposed the Vices and Irregularities of the *Clergy*, and vindicated the *Gentlemen of the Army*, from some Imputations unjustly thrown upon them: A certain Prelate, irritated at the Nature, as well as at the Length of his Speech, desired to know when that noble Lord wou'd leave off preaching? The other answered, *The very Day his Majesty makes me a Bishop.*

A decayed Gentleman came to one, who had been his Servant, to borrow Money, and received the following Answer; *Lord, Sir, what do you trouble me for? I have no Money to lend. I'm sure you lie*, says the Gentleman, *for if you was not rich, you durst not be so saucy.*

A Nobleman who had an exceeding good Lady to his Wife, but being himself too fond of the Fashions of the Age, chose to lye with her waiting Woman; a Brother Peer observ'd, that Lord *Harry* was a queer
Sort

Sort of a Mortal, for though he had a lovely Lady to his Wife, he chose generally to lye on a *Dresser*.

A Gentleman disputing about Religion in *Button's Coffee-House*, some of the Company said, you talk of Religion! I'll hold you five Guineas, you can't repeat the Lord's Prayer; Sir *Richard Steele* here shall hold Stakes. The Money being deposited, the Gentleman began, *I believe in G—d, and so went through his Creed. Well!* said the other, *I own I've lost; but did not think you cou'd have done it.*

When Mrs. *W*—— first acted Sir *Harry Wildair* at *Drury-lane Playhouse*, coming off the Stage into the Green Room, *I believe*, said she, *one Half of the House take me really for a Man.* To which Mrs *Clive* replied, *But the other Half, Madam, know to the contrary.*

One meeting an old Acquaintance, whom the World had a little frown'd upon, ask'd where he lived? *I don't know*, said he, *where I live; but I starve down towards Wapping and that Way.*

A Merchant-Ship being severely toss'd in a Storm, and all the Crew despairing of Safety, betook themselves to Prayers, except one Mariner, who was all the while wishing to see two Stars; Oh! said he, that I cou'd but see two Stars, or but one of them. He made so frequent Repetition of these Words, as to disturb the Meditation of the rest; at length, one of the Crew ask'd him, what two Stars, or what one Star he meant? To whom he replied, *Oh! that I cou'd see the Star in Cheapside, or that in Coleman-street, I care not which.*

A poor Fellow, going to Execution, had a Reprieve come just as he got to the Gallows, and was taken back by the Sheriff's Officer; who told him he was a happy Fellow, and ask'd if he knew nothing of the Reprieve before? *No*, replied the Fellow, *I thought no more of it, than I did of my dying Day.*

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Two Men having a Dispute together about Works of Fortification, one said to the other, *For all your pretended Knowledge, I'll lay you a Shilling you don't know what makes a Fortification.* Done, says the other, who was a droll Fellow, *I insist on't, that two Twentyfications make a Fortification.*

Some Ladies walking in the Meadows, a few Miles from *Paris*, they met a Shepherd with a young Kid in his Arms, one of them strok'd and admired it, and ask'd the Reason it had no Horns; the Shepherd vex'd at being detained, answer'd, *Because he is not married:*

During the Time of General *Belleisle's* Confinement in *Windfor* Castle, as a Party of Soldiers were marching there to be set as Guards over him, a Gentleman meeting them on the Road, ask'd where they were going, and upon what Business? when one of the Officers, fond of punning, replied, *We are going to Windfor, to keep a General fast.*

A young Lady being sick, a Physician was sent for, to feel her Pulse; she very coy, and loath to let him touch her naked Skin, pull'd her Smock-sleeve over her Hand; which the Doctor observing, took the Corner of his Coat and laid it over her Smock-sleeve; at which, a Lady there present being surpriz'd, *Oh! Madam*, said he, *a Linen Pulse must always have a Woolen Physician.*

A proud Parson and his Man, riding over a Common, saw a Shepherd tending his Flock, in a new Coat; the Parson ask'd him in a haughty Tone, who gave him that Coat? The same People, said the Shepherd, that cloath you, the Parish. The Parson nettled a little, rode on murmuring a pretty Way, and sent his Man back to ask the Shepherd, if he wou'd come and live with him? for he wanted a Fool. The Man went to the Shepherd accordingly, and deliver'd his Master's Message, concluding thereby, that his Master really wanted a Fool. *Why, are you going away then?* said the Shepherd. No, answer'd the other

other. *Then you may tell your Master, replied the Shepherd, his Living won't maintain three of us.*

Some Gentlemen in Company, discoursing on the various extraordinary Echos to be met with in different Parts of *England*, one of them said, he knew a very surprizing one, where he heard to the Words, *How dee do*, the Echo of "*Pretty well, I thank 'yee.*"

A Country Bumpkin, coming to *London*, was very much taken with the Sight of a Chair, or Sedan; and bargain'd with the Chairmen to carry him to the Place he nam'd. The Chairmen, observing the Curiosity of the Clown to be unsuitable to the Meanness of his Dress, privately took out the Bottom of the Chair, and then put him into it; so that, when they took it up, his Feet were upon the Ground; and as the Chairmen advanc'd, so did he: To add to their Diversion, if they saw any Place dirtier than ordinary, they chose to go through it. The Countryman, believing that others used to be carried, or driven in the same Manner, when he came to his Lodgings, paid them their Fare. Returning into the Country, he told them what rare Things he had seen in *London*, and amongst the rest, that he had been carried in a Sedan. A Sedan! says one, what is that? *Why*, replied he, *like our Watch-house, only it is cover'd with Leather; but where it not for the Name of riding in a Sedan, one might e'en as well walk o' Foot.*

A young Fellow, who fancied himself possess'd of Talents sufficient to cut a Figure on the Stage, offer'd himself to Mr. *Rich*; who, according to Custom, was to speak before Mr. *Quin*: Just as he began to rant forth a Tragedy Speech, a Dog that was running about the Stage, at the same Time set up a terrible Howl: Upon which, *Quin* ask'd whose Dog that was, and being inform'd, he cried out, *He's a Dog of Judgment, by Jove*, -and walked off without staying to hear the Speech out.

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On a Benefit Night at the Playhouse, many particular Friends of the Actor were let in at a private Door, before the great Doors were open, which, when discover'd, a Gentleman cried out in a Passion, *'Twas a Shame they shou'd fill the House full of People before any Body came.*

Two Citizens disputing which of them was the best Scholar, one told the other, he wou'd lay him a Wager he did not know what was Latin for a Goose. *Perhaps not,* answered the other, but if my Son was here, he wou'd give you an immediate *Anser.* (*Anser* is Latin for a Goose.)

Two Gentlemen standing together; as a young Lady pass'd them, one of 'em said, *There goes the handsomest Woman I ever saw.* She hearing, turn'd back, and observing him to be very ugly, answer'd, *I wish, Sir, I cou'd in Return say as much of you. So you may, Madam,* says he, *and tell a lie as I did.*

A certain Couple, going to *Dunmow* in *Essex*, to demand the Flitch of Bacon, which is to be given to every married Couple, who can swear they have had no Dispute, nor once repented their Bargain, in a Year and a Day; the Steward, ready to deliver it, ask'd where they wou'd put it? The Husband produc'd a Bag, and told him, in that: That, says the Steward, is not half big enough: *So I told my Wife,* answer'd the good Man, *and I believe we have had a hundred Words about it.* *Ay,* said the Steward, *but they were not such as will butter any Cabbage to be eat with this Bacon; and so hangs the Flitch up again.*

A Scotch Bagpiper travelling into *Ireland*, opened his Wallet by a Wood-side, and sat down to Dinner; he had no sooner said Grace, than three Wolves came about him. To one he threw Bread, to another Meat, till his Provision was all gone; at length, he took up his Bagpipes, and began to play; at which the Wolves ran away. *The Deel saw me,* said

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Sawney, *an I had kenn'd you lov'd Music so, ye shou'd have had it before Dinner.*

A Fellow hearing the Drums beat up for Volunteers for *France*, in the Expedition against the *Dutch*, imagin'd himself valiant enough, and thereupon list'd. When he return'd, his Friends ask'd what Exploits he did there? He answer'd, *that he cut off one of the Enemy's Legs*; and being told, it had been more honourable and manly to have cut off his Head, *Oh!* says he, *you must know his Head was cut off before.*

An *Italian* having wrote a Book upon the making of Gold, dedicated it to Pope *Leo X.* in hopes of a considerable Reward; his Holiness, finding the Man continually following him, gave to him a large empty Purse, saying, *Sir, since you know the Art of making Gold, you can have no need of any Thing but a Purse to put it in.*

A Fellow standing in the Pillory near *Temple-Bar*, occasion'd a great Stop, so that a Carman with a Load of Cheese, had much ado to get along; and driving just up to the Pillory, ask'd what was wrote over the Criminal's Head? They told him, it was a Paper to signify his Crime, and that he stood there for *Forgery*. Ah! continued he, and what is *Forgery*? They answer'd, that *Forgery* was counterfeiting another's Hand, with intent to cheat People. To which the Carman replied, looking up at the Offender; *Oh! Pox on ye, this comes of your Writing and Reading, you silly Dog!*

The Rev. Mr. *H*———waiting one Day at Sir *Robert's* Levee, was ask'd by the Knight, what brought him there? The Orator replied, I hear you want a good Pen. No, says Sir *Robert*, I don't. Then, said the Orator, I have a bad one, which perhaps, you mayn't like. *If very bad*, says the other, *I must get one of the Secretaries of State to mend it.*

A Bishop, going in great haste to *Rome* to be Cardinaliz'd,

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finaliz'd, miss'd the Promotion; and in his Return, got a violent Cold on the Way. *It is no Wonder*, said one that was told of it, *since he came so far without his Hat.*

A Gentleman seeing another, sitting in a Necessary-House, with a Book in his Hand, reading very attentively; said he was sorry his Memory was so bad that he could not *sh—te without Book.*

A Gentleman having made an Entertainment for some Friends, one of the Servants carrying a Neat's Tongue up stairs to the Dining-room, stumbled, and the Tongue slipt out of the Dish; the Master hearing the Clatter, went to the Stair-Head to know the Cause, which being inform'd of, was somewhat angry; but the Fellow beg'd Pardon; and said, he hop'd he shou'd be excus'd, as it was only a *Lapsus Linguae*, (a slip of the Tongue;) which facetious Turn so pleased the Gentleman and his Company, that his Wit was rewarded by the Gift of a Shilling a-piece from all present. Another waiting at Table at the same Time, and seeing the Reward confer'd on his Fellow Servant, remembring the Words, was determin'd to try his Luck; and accordingly being sent up with a Surloin of Beef, stumbled on purpose, and the Joint fell out of the Dish; which greatly provoking the Gentleman, when the ignorant Blockhead said it was only a *Lapsus Linguae*; for which Impertinence, he got a hearty Drubbing, and was kick'd down Stairs.

A young Man married a very ill-temper'd Woman, to whom, notwithstanding her Perverseness, he behav'd well, and was very kind; she, however, not contented, made continual Complaints to her Father, to the great Grief of both Families. The Husband, no longer able to endure this scurvy Humour, bang'd her heartily; hereupon she renews her Complaints to the old Man, who being now better acquainted with her ill Humours took her to Task, and laced her Sides soundly too; saying, *Go, commend*

me to your Husband, and tell him, I am now even with him; for I have cudgell'd his Wife, as he has beaten my Daughter.

An *Irish* Fellow, vaunting of his Birth and Family, affirm'd, that when he came first to *England*, he cut such a Figure, as the Bells were rung through every Town he pass'd to *London*; *Ah!* says a Gentleman in Company, *I suppose that was, because you came up in a Waggon with a Bell-team.*

Fond Wives, said one, do by their Husbands, as Barren Wives do by their Lap-dogs; *cram them with Sweet-meats, till they cloy their Stomachs.*

Two Country Attornies, overtaking a Waggoner on the Road, and thinking to crack a Joke on him, ask'd why his Fore-horse was so Fat, and the rest so Lean; the Waggoner, knowing them to be Limbs of the Law, answer'd, *That his Fore-horse was a Lawyer, and the rest were his Clients.*

A certain great Man, who had been a furious Partymen, and most surprizingly changing Sides for the sake of a Coronet, was soon after at Cards with Lady **** and complain'd in the midst of a Game, that he had a great Pain in his Side. I thought your Lordship had *no Side*, said she. Yes, answer'd my Lord, I have, and a *Backside* too. *Have you so*, replied my Lady, *every Body knows your Wife has one.*

A Countryman enquiring the Way to *Newgate*, an arch Fellow, who heard him, said, he'd shew him the Way presently. *Do but go cross the Kennel*, said he, *to yon Goldsmith's Shop, and move off with one of those silver Tankards, and it will bring you thither presently.*

Dr. Swift, greatly admired the Talents of the late Duke of *Wharton*, (as the Duke did his) who one Day dining with the Dean, and recounting several wild Pranks, *You have had your Frolicks, my Lord*, says
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the Dean, and now, my Lord, let me recommend one more to you; take a Frolick to be virtuous; and take my Word for it, that one, will do you more Honour than all the other Frolicks of your whole Life.

Two Oxford Scholars meeting on the Road with a Yorkshire Ostler, fell to bantering him, and one of 'em told the Fellow, he wou'd prove him to be a Horse or an Afs. Well, said the other, and I can prove your Saddle to be a Mule. A Mule! cry'd one of them, how the Deel can that be? *Because*, says the other, *it is something between a Horse and an Afs.*

One losing a Bag of Money about 50*l.* between Temple-gate and Temple-bar, fix'd up a Paper, offering 10*l.* Reward to those who took it up, and wou'd return it. Hereupon the Person who found it, wrote underneath, *Sir, I thank you, but you really bid me to my Loss.*

Some unlucky Westminster Scholars, under Dr. Busby, besmear'd the Stairs leading to School with something that shall be nameless: The Doctor, as was design'd, foul'd his Fingers very much with it; which so enrag'd him, that he cried out, he wou'd give any Boy half a Crown, to discover who had a Hand in it. An arch Boy immediately told him, for that Reward he wou'd let him know who had a Hand in it. Well, said the Doctor, I'll certainly give you the half Crown, if you tell me the Truth. *Why*, then Sir, answer'd the Boy, *you had a Hand in it, look at your Fingers else.*

An honest French Dragoon, in the Service of Lewis XIV. having caught a Fellow in Bed with his Wife, after some Words, told him, he wou'd let him escape this Time; but, if ever he found him there again, he wou'd throw his Hat out at the Window. Notwithstanding this terrible Threat, in a few Days, he caught the Spark in the same Place, and was as good as his Word: Sensible of what he had done, he posted

ted away to the Place, where he knew the King was to be; and throwing himself at his Majesty's Feet, implor'd his Pardon. The King ask'd what his Offence was? He told him he had been abus'd. Well, well, said the King, laughing, I very readily forgive you, considering your Provocation; I think you was much in the Right to throw *his Hat out at the Window*. Yes, and it please you, my Liege, *but his Head was in it*, said the Dragoon. Was it, replied the King? Well, my Word is pass'd.

A *Gascoon* Officer, who had serv'd under *Henry IV.* King of *France*, not having receiv'd any Pay for a considerable Time; came to the King, and confidently said to him, Sir, three Words with your Majesty, *Money, or Discharge*. Four with you, answer'd his Majesty, *Neither one nor t'other*.

An *Irishman*, having been oblig'd to live with his Master some Time in *Scotland*, when he came back, some of his Companions ask'd how he lik'd *Scotland*, *I will tell you now*, said he, *I was sick, all de while I was dare; and if I had liv'd there till this Time, I had been dead a Year ago*,

A certain Musician, who had a very bad Voice, as he was singing one Day, took Notice of a Gentlewoman, that fell a crying; when imagining that the Sweetness of his Melody awak'd some Passion in her Breast, he began to sing louder, and she to weep more bitterly. He had no sooner ended his Song, but going to the Lady, he asked her why she cried? Oh! said she, I am the unfortunate Woman, whose As the Wolves devoured Yesterday, and no sooner did I hear you sing, but I thought of my poor As, *for surely never were Voices so much alike*.

A Person of Quality, coming into a Church, where many of his Ancestors lay buried; after he had spoke much in their Commendation, and praised them for worthy Men, *Well*, said he, *I'm resolv'd, if I live till I die, to be buried as near them as possible*.

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A *Flemish* Tyler in *Flanders*, accidentally fell from the Top of a House upon a *Spaniard*, and kill'd him; though he escaped himself. The next of Blood prosecuted his Death with great Violence against the Tyler, and when offered pecuniary Recompence, nothing would serve him but *Lex Talionis*. Hereupon the Judge said to him, if he did insist upon that Sentence, *he should go up to the Top of the same House, and fall down from thence upon the Tyler.*

A Gentleman telling a Lady, that a certain Apothecary of her Acquaintance, was broke and oblig'd to shut up shop; she enquired the Cause; to which the Gentleman replied, he was so honest a Man, that instead of loading his Patients with Medicines, at was too common a Practice, he advised them to take the wholesome Air, and of Course lost the Profit arising from the Sale of his Drugs. Poor Man! says she, it is plain he could not live by the *Air*, tho' his Patients could.

D. *Swift*, who was famous for his Wit and Satire, happening to be in Company with a vain young Man, who priding himself in saying pert Things to the Dean; and at last getting up with some conceited Jesticulations, cried out, *You must know, Mr. Dean, that I sit up for a Wit. Do you so, says the Dean, then take my Advice, and sit down again.*

A Bishop of *Servia*, in *Italy*, came in violent Haste to the Pope, and told him it was currently reported, his Holiness had done him the Honour of making him Governor of *Rome*. *How!* said the Pope; *don't you know Fame spreads many false Reports? and I dare say, you'll find this one of 'em.*

In the Year 1629, *Ben Johnson* fell sick, and was then poor, and lodg'd in an obscure Alley; his Majesty *Charles I.* was supplicated in his Favour, who sent him ten Guineas. When the Messenger delivered the Sum, *Ben* took it in his Hand, and said, *His Majesty has sent me ten Guineas, because I am poor*
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and live in an Alley, go and tell him, That his Soul lives in an Alley.

Two very honest Gentlemen, who dealt in Brooms, meeting one Day in the Street; one ask'd the other, how he cou'd afford to undersell him every where, as he did, when he stole the Stuff, and made the Brooms, himself? *Why, you silly Dog,* answer'd the other, *I steal my Brooms ready made.*

One being at his Wife's Funeral, and the Bearers going hastily along, call'd out to them, *Don't go so fast, what need we make a Toil of a Pleasure?*

An ingenious young Gentleman, of *Oxford*, was appointed to preach at *St. Mary's*, before the Vice-chancellor and the Heads of the University. Having often observed the Drowsiness of the Vice-chancellor, he took for his Text, *What! cannot ye watch one Hour?* And at the End of every Division, he repeated those Words, which by Reason the Vice-chancellor sat near the Pulpit, often awak'd him. This was highly applauded by the Wits, and at length became the Talk of all the University, and nettled the Vice-chancellor to such a Degree, that he complain'd of it to the Archbishop of *Canterbury*; who, willing to redress him, sent for the Preacher up to *London*, to make his Defence against the Crime laid to his Charge. On his Examination, he gave so many Instances of his extraordinary Wit, that the Archbishop enjoined him to preach before King *James*; to which, after some Excuses, he agreed. Coming up into the Pulpit, he begins; *James the first, and sixth, Waver not*; meaning the First King of *England*, and Sixth of *Scotland*. The King at first seem'd amaz'd at the Text, but in the End, was well pleas'd with the Sermon; and made him one of his Chaplains in Ordinary. After his Advancement, the Archbishop sent him back to *Oxford*, to make his Recantation to the Vice-chancellor, and take Leave of the University, which he did accordingly, and took the latter Part of the Verse of his former Text; namely,

ly, *Sleep on now, and take your Rest.* In the Conclusion of his Sermon, he made his Apology to the Vice-chancellor, saying, *Whereas I said before, which gave Offence, What! can't you watch one Hour?* I now say, *Sleep on and take your Rest;* and so left the University.

A certain Captain, who had made a greater Figure than his Income wou'd bear, and his Regiment not being paid as they expected, was forc'd to lay down Part of his Equipage. A few Days after, walking by the Road-side, he saw one of his Soldiers lousing himself under a Hedge: *What are you doing there,* said the Captain? *Why Faith, Sir,* answer'd the Soldier, *I am following your Example; getting rid of Part of my Retinue.*

When *Q—n* lodg'd in the Country, he turn'd his Horse to Grass and lost him; making an Enquiry after him, he ask'd a Country Fellow if they had any Thieves among them, for his Horse was stolen? *No,* says the Clown, *we be all honest Folks here, but they say there is one Q—n, I think they call him, a strolling Player from London, mayhap he may a'stol'n him.*

Two Women chattering together, says one, my Daughter has not laid her Eyes together these four Nights. *You Fool,* says the other, *How shou'd she, when her Nose stands between?*

A plain Country Fellow, born in *Essex*, coming to *London*, where he had never been before; going along a Street, not far from *Mark-lane*, saw a Rope hanging at a Merchant's Door, with a Handle to it; and wondering what it meant, took it in his Hand, and played with it to and fro. At length pulling hard, the Bell rung, and the Merchant, happening to be near the Door, opened it himself, demanding what the Fellow wanted? Nothing Sir, says he, I did but play with this pretty Thing, which hangs at your Door. What Countryman are you? says the Merchant. An *Essex* Man, and please you, replies the
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other. I thought so, says the Merchant, having been often told, if a Man beat a Bush in *Essex*, there presently comes out a Calf. *It may be so*, says the Countryman; *and I think a Man can no sooner ring a Bell in London, but out pops a Cuckold.*

A Gentleman, in King *Charles* the Second's Time, who had paid a tedious Attendance at Court, in soliciting a Place, and after a thousand Promises, seem'd as far off as ever; at last, resolv'd to see the King himself. When introduc'd, he told his Majesty what Pretensions he had to his Favour, and boldly ask'd for the Place, just then vacant? the King hearing his Story, told him, the Place was just given away. Upon this, the Gentleman, making very low Obedience to the King, thank'd him many Times over. The King, observing how thankful he was, call'd him again, and ask'd the Reason, why he thank'd him in so extraordinary a Manner, when he had denied his Suit? *The rather, and please your Majesty*, replied the Gentleman; *your Courtiers have kept me here these two Years, and gave me a thousand Put-offs, but your Majesty has sav'd me all that Trouble, and generously given me my Answer at once.* *Gods Fish, Man*, says the King, *thou shalt have the Place for thy downright Honesty.*

One telling another, he had once so excellent a Gun, that it went off immediately at Thieves coming into the House, although it was not charg'd. How the Devil can that be? says the other; because, said he, *the Thieves carried it off; and what was worse, before I had Time to charge them with it.*

A Scots Member of great Wit and Humour, coming one Morning to the Duke of *Argyle*, at the Time of the great Opposition between him and Sir *Robert*; told his Grace, that he had some very bad News to acquaint him with. What's the Matter? quoth the Duke. *Be me Troth*, quoth he, *what I have to tell ye, is very bawd on oor Seed.* Prithee, quoth the Duke, don't keep me in Suspence; what is it? *Does your Grace*

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Grace ken that Wallie is bout over? That's impossible, says the Duke, for a stauncher Man does not live, than honest Wallie; but why d'ye think so? Why, and please your Grace, I saw t'other Morn, a three Pound twelve in his Hand; and P'm sure Wallie ne'er brout that out of his own Country.

A Gentleman, not so remarkable for his Oeconomy, as his Wit and Humour, was one Day rallying the late *Peter Walters* on his Avarice. For my Part, quoth the Gentleman, I don't know any Difference between a Shilling and Sixpence, for when one is changed, 'tis gone, and so is the other. *Ah*, says Peter, my old Friend, you may'nt know the Difference between a Shilling and a Sixpence now; but believe me, you will, when you come to be worth but Eighteen Pence.

Peter, one Day being a little severe on a Gentleman, who didn't want Wit, was ask'd by him, how the D—l he came to be so witty, and where he got it all? *Why*, says Peter, I am sure Nature never gave me any; but you must know, I have lately bought a good many Estates of witty Gentlemen, and they always gave me their Wit into the Bargain.

A dignified Clergyman, going down to his Living to spend the Summer, met near his House, a comical old Chimney-sweeper, with whom he used to chat. So, *John*, says the Doctor, from whence came you? From your House, says Mr. Soot; for this Morning I have swept all your Chimnies. How many were there, says the Doctor? No less than twenty, quoth *John*. Well, and how much a Chimney have you? Only a Shilling a-piece Sir. Why then, quoth the Doctor, you have earned a great deal of Money in a little Time. Yes, yes, Sir says *John*, throwing his Bag of Soot over his Shoulders, we black Coats get our Money easy enough.

Mr. Q—n, being in the Assembly Room at Bath, a very fat Gentleman, danced with a Lady as remarkable as himself for Bulk. A Member of Parliament

who

who sat next to Q-n, and had been a great Promoter of the Wheel Act, ask'd him, how he lik'd that Lady and Gentleman's Dancing? *Why* says Q-n, *it is the first Minuet I ever saw upon Broad Wheels.*

Two neighbouring Gentlemen of equal Fortune, and remarkable for their Avarice, were distinguish'd in their Parish by the Names of *Crib* and *Starve-Gut*. Mr. *Crib* often visited his Neighbour, and was as often visited by him, but as they had both the same End in View, they never ask'd each other to eat or drink; and thus they went on together very amicably, till *Crib* one Day was present at his Friends, when a Man came to pay the Interest of a Thousand Pounds, which rais'd Master *Crib's* Envy so much, that he left the Room, and went home; but return'd in the Evening to Mr. *Starve-Gut*, in order to learn some of his saving Maxims. When *Crib* came in, he found him writing a Letter by a Farthing Candle; he was no sooner fit down, but Mr. *Starve-Gut* put it out. How now, says *Crib*, what's that for? To which *Starve-gut* reply'd, can't we two talk as well in the Dark? Faith, Neighbour, says *Crib*, you are an excellent Oeconomist; I wish you would teach me some of your Rules. Why, Friend, says *Starve-gut*, one of my chief Maxims is, never to spend more than is necessary, witness the Candle! Right, quoth *Crib*. I remember, says *Starve-gut*, the saying of an old Philosopher, which ought to be wrote in Letters of Gold; namely, *That whatever is unnecessary, is too dear at a Farthing.* Right, quoth *Crib*: thank you, Neighbour; Edad, I'll set this down. Now we are talking of saving, says *Starve-gut*, let me ask you one Question, for you must know there is a great Difference between being covetous, and being saving; for my Part, there's nothing I hate more than a stingy Man, but, to my Question; pray, Friend *Crib*, do you shave yourself? Quoth *Crib*, what, do you take me for a Fool? Well, well, says *Starve-gut*, don't be in a Passion, I did but ask; but what do you do with your Lather? Why, fling it away, says *Crib*, what do you think? Why, there it is now, says *Starve-gut*,
that's

that's enough to ruin any Man ; why, I always wash half a Dozen Handkerchiefs, and a Night-cap in mine, and then save it to wash my Stockings.

A young Student, shewing the *Musæum* at *Oxford* to a Set of Gentlemen and Ladies, among other Things produc'd a rusty Sword : This, says he, Gentlemen, is the Sword, with which *Balaam* was going to kill his Ass. Upon which, one of the Company replied, that he thought *Balaam* had no Sword, but only wish'd for one. You are right, says the Student, and this is the very Sword he wish'd for.

A Man, remarkable for shooting in the long Bow, gave the following Account of an Echo ; he said, as he was sailing in a Man of War, very near the Shore in *Devonshire*, he heard so fine a Concert of Musick, that he thought *Handel* and his Band were playing Concertos on the Shore. For, said he, 'twas a fine Summer's Eve, the Sea as smooth as Glass, and not a Breath of Wind stirring ; and the Captain, being a *Devonshire* Man, thought that some neighbouring Gentlemen were making merry there ; he ordered out his Boat, and took me with him on Shore, and when we came up to the Musick, said he what do you think it was ? The Company being puzzled to find it out, he told them it was nothing but a Shepherd playing upon a *Jew's* Harp, and the Variety of Sound which they heard, was owing to the Echo of the Rocks. Strange Echo, indeed, says a Gentleman in Company, though nothing like one I heard in *Devonshire* myself ; for, said he, a Gentleman of my Acquaintance, shewing me his Gardens, Park, and other Curiosities, brought me at last upon a Mount, which had a Ruin that stood at some small Distance ; that Ruin, says my Friend, makes the finest Echo from this Place, which you ever heard, he bid me hollow and try ; upon which, I, with a loud Voice cried, How do you do ? and the Echo answered, Very well.

A wild young Spark, having married a very discreet virtuous young Lady, the better to reclaim him, she caused it to be reported, at his Return from his Travels, that she was dead and buried. In the mean Time, she had so placed herself in Disguise, as to observe how he took the News; but finding him still the same gay inconstant Man he always had been, she appeared to him as the Ghost of herself; which, however, did not terrify him in the least. These Stratagems producing no Effect, she discovered herself to him, which indeed surpriz'd him pretty much; which one observing, said, *Why, Sir, you seem more afraid now than before.* *Ay,* replied he, *Men generally are more afraid of a living Wife than a dead one.*

Sir William M——ton spending once an Evening with Q—n, and having in a pitch'd Battle beat him at his own Weapon, the Bottle, Mr. Q—n was asked by a Friend, how he came to be conquered? *Why,* replied Q—n, *two Gallons of Claret in that Baronet's Belly, is no more than a common Glyster in the A—e of an Elephant.*

An Under Sheriff in Wilts, being to attend a Malefactor to Execution on a Friday, went to him the Wednesday before, to ask the following Favour; My good Friend, says the Sheriff, you know I have Orders to see you executed next Friday; now it so falls out, that I have Business of the utmost Importance to do at London on that Day, and as you must die so soon, one Day's Difference can make no Odds; you know I have been very kind to you during your Confinement, and I should take it as a particular Favour if you wou'd be hang'd on Thursday Morning. To which the Prisoner replied, 'Tis true, you have been very kind to me, for which I return you my hearty Thanks, and am very sorry I cannot oblige you in this Particular; for it also falls out with me, that I have some Business of great Importance to do on Friday Morning; but, Mr. Sheriff, to shew you that I am not an ungrateful Man; suppose we put off this
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said hanging till *Monday Morning*: If you like that, Mr. *Sheriff*, I'll agree to it with all my Heart.

One of the Rebels having escap'd out of the Tower in the Year fifteen, a Gentleman, frightened out of his Senses, ran to King *George I.* to acquaint him of this News; and begg'd his Majesty wou'd tell him what he cou'd do in this Case. Really, Sir, says the King, for your Part, I don't know what you can do; but, for the Prisoner's Part, I think he cou'd not have done better.

A Regiment of Horse in King *William's* Time, being quarter'd at *Canterbury*, and the Archbishop being then there, he invited all the Officers of the Regiment to Dinner. One of the Cornets being oblig'd to keep Guard that Day, and lamenting his Misfortune, that he cou'd not have the Honour to dine with the Bishop, bethought himself of this Stratagem: He knew that one of his Brother Cornets was gone out of Town, and wou'd not return till Evening; he determined therefore to wait for him at his Lodgings, and frighten him by a false Message from the Bishop. Accordingly when his Comrade arrived, he address'd him thus: *Tom*, I believe I shall surprize you. Why, says *Tom*, what the De'l is the Matter? No great Matter, says his Comrade, only the Bishop has sent for all the Officers to hear them their Catechism. The Devil he has, quoth *Tom*! Then I am ruin'd Horse and Foot, for, as I am a Sinner, I can't say three Lines. Never be troubled about that, says his Comrade, I can say mine every Word; and if you'll mount Guard for me to morrow, I'll go in your Place. With all my Heart, says *Tom*, and thank you to boot; so the next Day they all, except *Tom*, din'd with the Bishop: His Lordship, being a very polite Man, told the Colonel, that he hoped all his Officers were there; for he intended it as a general Invitation. The Colonel told him they were all there, except one young Gentleman, who was oblig'd to mount Guard. The Bishop took no Notice of it then,
but

but the next Day sent his Servant to the absent Gentleman, to desire his Company by himself: *Tom* had no sooner receiv'd the Message, than he ran frighten'd out of his Senses to his Comrade, to make his Complaint: Ah! my Friend, says *Tom*, 'tis all in vain; I must go at last, the Bishop has sent for me. Never mind it, says his Comrade, you'll do very well; he did not ask us above one Question or two. *Tom* being thus prepared, went to the Bishop's, where he was introduc'd into a Parlour; at length his Lordship came in: Sir, says the Bishop, I am sorry I could not have the Pleasure of your Company yesterday; may I crave your Name, says the Bishop? *Thomas*, my Lord, replied the Cornet. What Countryman, says the Bishop? My Godfathers and Godmothers, replied the Cornet. Says the Bishop, I don't mean to catechise you, and thus the Cheat was discovered.

Some People are wonderfully fond of the Hyperbole, and especially when by the Use of this Figure they can aggrandize the Place of their Birth; my Friend *Tom Startle* is of this Disposition, and generally takes Care to let every Body know it. I remember *Tom* in a Company once took an Opportunity to go off upon the Fertility of his Country, and told the Gentlemen, that the Turnips in that Place were so much bigger than the Sheep, that they frequently eat into them, and buried themselves there from the Cold. That I know to be true, says a Gentleman present, for I was once at Dinner upon boil'd Leg of Mutton and Turnips in your very Parish; and from the very first Turnip I cut, out jump'd a Sheep.

A notorious Thief, being to be tried for his Life, confess'd the Robbery he was charg'd with. The Judge hereupon directed the Jury to find him guilty upon his own Confession. The Jury having laid their Heads together, brought him in *not guilty*. The Judge bid them consider of it again; but still they brought in their Verdict *not guilty*. The Judge

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ask'd the Reason. The Foreman replied, *There's Reason enough; for we all know him to be one of the greatest Liars in the World.*

A Judge being willing to save a Man that had stole a Watch, desired the Jury to value it at ten-pence, upon which, the Prosecutor cries out, Ten-pence, my Lord! Why the very Fashion of it cost me 5*l.* Oh, says the Judge, *we must not hang a Man for Fashion's Sake.*

A young Gentlewoman, lately arrived from *Barbadoes*, came to *Leadenball* Market, to buy a Scrag of Mutton for Broth; for which the Butcher ask'd Ninepence. That's too much, said she; cut it off, Sir, and I'll give you a *Bit** for it. D—n your *Bit*, Madam, I want none of your *Bits*, replied the Butcher; I've a better *Bit* than you at Home.

A certain Clergyman in the West of *England*, being at the Point of Death, a neighbouring Brother, who had some Interest with his Patron, applied to him for the next Presentation; upon which the former, who soon after recover'd, upbraided him with Breach of Friendship, and said, he wanted his Death. No, no, Doctor, says the other; you quite mistake, 'twas your Living I wanted.

My Friend, *Tom Tickle* is peculiarly odd in his Manner of drawing Characters: I remember, he once, while I was with him, sent his Servant to a Gentleman, who is remarkable for being always in a Hurry, with a Message of great Importance; but the Servant return'd, and told his Master, that the Gentleman was in so great a Hurry, he could not speak to him. 'Tis no more than what I expected, says Tom, *for he loses an Hour in the Morning, and runs after it all Day.*

'Tis customary for the Clergy in most Counties to have annual Visitations, in order to settle the Affairs

* A *Bit* in *Barbadoes* is a Piece of Money valued at 7*d.*
of

of the Church. There belonged to a Society of this Sort, in *Dorsetshire*, a Clergyman of good Nature, and good Fortune; one who was a good Christian, a good Poet, and a good Divine, capable of making excellent Sermons, but preach'd them badly. At one of these Meetings, after the Gentlemen had dined, and the Servants were set down together, this Clergyman's Man, who was a Stranger, ask'd another, What so many Parsons met together for? *Why*, answered he, to *swap Sermons*. *Ay*, quoth the Former, *then my Master is always most damnably cheated; for he never gets a good one.*

It has been often observed, and with too much Truth, that *English Gentlemen* reap no Benefit from travelling. *Tom Smart* made a pretty Use of this when he told a prating Coxcomb, just return'd from *Italy*, *That the English went out Figures, and return'd Cyphers.*

Hippesly, the Player, having a large full Wig on, which he had not paid for, was told by a Friend of his, that it was a very good one. *Faith! Sir*, said he, with his usual Humour, *I know not how good it may prove in the long run, but at present it has run me over Head and Ears in Debt.*

The Lord Lieutenant of *Ireland*, having presented *Dr. Sheridan* to a Living, the first Sunday he preach'd there, happen'd to be the Anniversary of the King's Accession to the Throne, and he undesignedly took these Words for his Text. *Sufficient for the Day is the Evil thereof*. Hereupon he was represented to his Excellency as a disaffected Person, and could never obtain any farther Preferment. *Dr. Swift*, being inform'd of this, said, *Poor Sheridan, had shot his Preferment dead with a single Text.*

A Gentleman in Company, complaining that he was very subject to catch Cold in his Feet, another not overloaded with Sense, told him, that might easily be prevented, if he would follow his Directions.

I always

I always get, said he, a thin Piece of Lead, out of an *India* Chest, and fit it to my Shoe for this Purpose. Then, Sir, says the former, *You are like a Rope-dancer's Pole, you have Lead at both Ends.*

An old Woman, who was famous for selling Ale at *Oxford*, and to whose House there resorted many of the Scholars, several of them remarked, that they never saw their Landlady at Church; they insisted, that if she valued their Custom, and hop'd to have the Continuation of it for the future, that on the succeeding and every *Sunday* following, she should constantly be there. She like a Woman, who valued her Interest more than her Religion, told them, that she wou'd be very willing to comply with their Requests. Accordingly, when *Sunday* came, she arrayed herself in her best Apparel, and taking her ancient Clasp Bible, proceeded in great Form to Church: But being unused to the Place, in Sermon-Time she fell fast a sleep, and unluckily let her Bible fall, which making a great Noise, awaken'd her. She had forgot where she was, and thinking she was at Home, and that her Maids had done some Mischief, started up in a great Passion, with the following Exclamation: So you Slut, there's another Jug broke, is there?

When *Moliere*, the great Comic-Poet of *France*, died, the Archbishop of *Paris* would not let his Body be buried on consecrated Ground: The King being inform'd of this, sent for the Archbishop, and expostulated with him about it; but finding him unwilling to comply, ask'd how many Feet deep the Holy Ground reach'd? The Bishop answer'd, *About Eight.* Well, replied the King, *I find there is no getting the better of our Scruples; therefore let his Grave be dug twelve Feet deep, that's four below your consecrated Ground, and let them bury him there.*

A Friend of mine, near Seventy, who was bless'd with a polite Education, and a fine Genius; but was very wavering and unstable in his Disposition, was reproach'd

reproach'd with it by another Gentleman, who told him he could never hold to any Resolution. *Faith, Sir,* said he, *you are much mistaken. I have resolv'd not to kiss the Girls so much as I formerly did, and I'm sure I shall hold to that.*

Mr. *Joseph Trefusis*, a Comedian in Ireland, and an Acquaintance of the late Mr. *Wilks's*, delighted much in Angling. As he was fishing by the *Liffy* Side, some Friends of his were going into a Boat to embark for *England*. *Jo* called to them to take him in, that he might see them safe on board, where they prevail'd upon him to make a Journey to *London* with them, with his fishing Cloaths on, no second Shirt, and but seven Shillings in his Pocket. His Companions left him in *London*, and Mr. *Wilks* chanc'd to find him gazing at the Dial in *Covent-Garden-Square*, when he ask'd how he came there, in that Pickle? *Hum! Ha! Why Faith, Bobby,* replied *Jo*, *I only came from Dublin, to see what it was o'Clock at Covent-Garden.*

The same Gentleman enter'd Volunteer on board the Ship which the Duke of *York* commanded, in that memorable Engagement with the *Dutch Fleet*, 1673. When Preparations were making for Battle, *Jo* confest'd he was seiz'd with Fear; but when the Man at the Top-mast-head cried *A Sail*, then *two Sail*, and after, *Zounds a whole Wood!* *Jo's* Terrors augmented; which a Sailor observing, ask'd whether he had never perform'd on the Stage? *Jo* replied, *Yes. Why then,* says the blunt Tar, *To-morrow if you are not kill'd the first Broadside, you'll see the deepest and bloodiest Tragedy you ever saw in your Life.*

A Gentleman riding over *Salisbury Plain*, when it rain'd very hard, set up a Gallop, and pass'd by another whose Horse stood still; a little surprized at this Sight, he ask'd the Reason of it, *Zounds,* says the other, *who the De'l but a Fool wou'd ride in all this Wet.*

A Gentleman t'other Day going to Court, was ask'd

ask'd by another at the Palace, Where he was going, and whether he wanted a Post? *No, No, Sir*, says the former, *If I did I wou'd take you.*

A Gentleman t'other Day told my Friend *Tom Smart*, that he was a Punster; *No, No*, says *Tom*, I have the utmost Aversion to that Character. Why so, says the other? Why, *Because you are one*, says *Tom*.

Some Gentlemen, t'other Day boasting of their Ancestors, an arch Wag standing by, said, he believ'd he was of a more ancient Family than any of them, and cou'd trace his Pedigree in a lineal Descent from King *Lud*. Ay, says one of them, how do you make that out? *Why, Sir*, said he, *it was my Misfortune to be put into Ludgate for a Debt of fifty Shillings, and I made my Escape down a Rope.*

A Person, who had render'd himself obnoxious in Trade, was told of some of his Tricks by a Merchant on Change; and being a little nettled at his Reproaches, said, What, Sir, do you call me a Rogue? *No, I don't call you Rogue*, says the Merchant, *but I'll give you ten Guineas, if you'll find any one here, who will say, you are an honest Man.*

The famous *Arthur Moor*, who was much in Favour with the *Tory* Ministry, the latter End of *Queen Anne's* Reign, had a Lady who was reckoned a Woman of great Wit and Humour, but of political Principles, quite opposite to those of her Husband. After the Death of the Queen, when it was rumour'd, that the late Ministry would be call'd to an Account; the Lord *Bolingbroke* meeting one Day with *Mrs. Moor* at a Visit. Well, Madam, said he, you hear how terribly we are threaten'd; you'll come, I hope, and see me when I go to *Tower-hill*? Upon my Word, my Lord, said she, *I should be exceeding glad to do it; but I believe I shall be engag'd another Way, for I am told, my Snub* (so she call'd her Husband) *will be oblig'd to go the same Day to Tyburn.*

A Citizen invited some of his Neighbours to a Feast, his Son handing a Glass of Wine to a Gentleman, accidentally spilt it on his Band; and for his Carelessness his Father took him a Box on the Ear. The Son having recover'd himself, gave the next Man a good Box. Being ask'd the Reason, said, *Come, come, let it go round, 'twill come to my Father anon, for I dare not strike him myself.*

An arch Prisoner, who had an unfavourable Countenance, being brought to the Bar to be tried for Horse-stealing, the Judge immediately cried, Oh! here is a noted Villain, I am sure! Why Sirrah, I can see the Rogue in your Face, *Ay, my Lord, says the Fellow, I wonder at that; for I did not know my Face was a Looking-Glass, till your Lordship saw yourself in it.*

A Parson and Clerk having a Mind for a Whet before Service begun, went to a Tavern, but drinking rather too much, the Pastor, while the Deputy was singing a Psalm, fell a sleep in his Pulpit; the Clerk observing it, and willing to excuse him, sung the Psalm twice over; but finding the faithful Shepherd still sleeping, jogg'd him, and said, *Sir, It is out.* To which the Parson loudly answer'd, *Why then fill another,* thinking himself still in the Tavern.

A Gentlewoman who thought her Servants always cheated her when they went to *Billingsgate* to buy Fish, was resolv'd to go thither herself, and asking the Price of some Fish, which she thought too dear, she bid the Fish-woman about half what she ask'd, Lord, Madam, said the Woman, I must have stole it to sell it at that Price; but you shall have it if you will tell me what you do to make your Hands so white? Nothing, good Woman, answer'd the Lady, but wear Dog-skin Gloves. *D—n you for a lying B—b,* replied the other, *my Husband has wore Dog-skin Breeches, these ten Years, and his A—se is as brown as a Nutmeg.*

Mrs.

Mrs. *** who had married a Husband of great good Nature, but a little deficient in point of understanding, was reproach'd by her Brother-in-Law, who told her in derision that she had coupled herself to a Fool.—So has my Sister, says she, for no Man of Sense wou'd endeavour to give any Woman a mean Opinion of her Husband.

A *Scotchman* was very angry with an *Englishman*, who he said had abus'd him, and call'd him *False Scot*. Faith, Sir, you are quite mistaken, quoth the *Englishman*, for I said you were a *True-Scot*.

Jack Ketch having hang'd a Person who had a good Pair of Breeches on, was ask'd the Price of them by one of the Spectators; what will you give for them, says *Jack*? The Fellow replied Three Half Crowns; I'll give Ten Shillings, says another, which *Jack* refus'd, and took the first Offer. The Under-Sheriff a little surpriz'd to see him take seven Shillings and Sixpence when he was bid ten Shillings, ask'd the Reason of it, and upbraided him for a Fool. *No matter for that, Sir, says Jack; This Man has promis'd never to wear them but when he goes to Church, and I shall certainly have them again next Hanging-Tide.*

Mr. *E—ll—s*, the Painter, having finish'd a very good Picture of *Fig* the Prize-Fighter, who had been famous for getting the better of several *Irishmen* of the same Profession, the Piece was shewn to old *Johnson* the Player, who was told at the same Time, that Mr. *E—ll—s* design'd to have a Metzotinto Print taken from it, but wanted a Motto to be put under it. Then, said old *Johnson* I'll give you one: *A Fig for the Irish.*

Dr. *Hickeringall*, one of King *Charles* the Second's Chaplains, whenever he preach'd before his Majesty, was sure to tell him of his Faults, and to scold him from the Pulpit very severely. One Day his Majesty walking in the *Mall*, and observing the Doctor before him, sent to speak with him. When he came,
Doctor,

Doctor, said the King, what have I done to you, that you are always a quarrelling with me? I hope, quoth the Doctor, your Majesty is not angry with me for speaking the Truth. No, no, says the King, but let us for the future be Friends. Well, well, quoth the Doctor, I will make it up with your Majesty upon these Terms: *As you mend I'll mend.*

A Nobleman, who was very ignorant, being at Table with *Descartes*, and seeing him eat of two or three nice Dishes with Pleasure; *How!* said he to him, *do Philosophers meddle with Dainties? Why not, said Descartes? Is it to be imagined, that the wise God created good Things only for Fools?*

A Gentleman having brought his Friend down into his Cellar, his Friend observing there was no Seat to sit on; ask'd him the Reason of it. Because, says the other, I will have no Man that comes here drink any longer *than he can stand.*

An *Honest Highlander*, walking along *Holbourn*, heard a Voice cry, *Rogue, Scot, Rogue, Scot*; his Northern Blood, fired at the Insult, drew his broad Sword, looking round him on every Side, to discover the Object of his Indignation; at last he found that it came from a Parrot, perched in a Balcony within his Reach: But the *Generous Scot*, disdaining to stain his trusty Blade with such ignoble Blood, put up his Sword again, with a sour Smile, saying, *Gin ye were a Man, as ye're a Green Geuse, I wou'd split your Weem.*

An *Irishman* having a Looking-Glass in his Hand, shut his Eyes, and plac'd it before his Face; another asking him, Why he did so? *Upon my Shoul*, says Teague, *It is to see how I look when I am asleep.*

A young Parson lost his Way in a Forest, and it being very cold and rainy, he happen'd upon a poor Cottage, and desired any Lodging or Hayloft to lie in, and some Fire to dry him; the Man told him, he and

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and his Wife had but one Bed, and if he pleased to lie with them, he should be welcome. The Parson thank'd him, and kindly accepted of it. In the Morning, the Man rose to go to Market, and meeting with some of his Neighbours, he fell a Laughing. They ask'd him what made him so merry about the Mouth? Why, says he, I can but think how asham'd the Parson will be when he awakes, to find himself left a Bed with my Wife.

A Quaker, that was a Barber, being sued by the Parson for Tythes; *Yea and Nay* went to him and demanded the Reason why he troubled him, seeing he had never Dealings with him in his whole Life: *Why*, says the Parson, *it is for Tythes*. For Tythes, says the Quaker, *I prithee, Friend, upon what Account?* *Why*, says the Parson, *for Preaching in the Church*. *Alas!* then, replied the Quaker, *I have nothing to do to pay thee; for I come not there*. *Oh!* but you might, says the Parson, *for the Doors are always open at convenient Times*. And thereupon told him, he would be paid, seeing it was his Due. *Yea and Nay* hereupon shak'd his Ears, and making several wry Faces, departed, and immediately entered his Action (it being a Corporation Town) against the Parson for forty Shillings: The Parson, upon Notice of this, came to him, and very hotly demanded, Why he put such a Disgrace upon him? and for what he did owe him the Money? *Truly, Friend*, replied the Quaker, *for Trimming*. For Trimming, said the Parson; *Why I was never trimm'd by you in my Life*. *Oh!* but thou might'st have come and been trimm'd, if thou hadst pleased, for my Doors are always open at convenient Times as well as thine.

A Farmer being very rich, was knighted, his Wife thereupon grew very fine. One said, That his Worship was very much in Fault, spoiling a good Housewife to make a Mad-dame.

A poor Woman, with half a Dozen Children at her Heels, ask'd Alms of a Gentlewoman in the

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Street;

Street; I think, said the Gentlewoman, that being so poor, you might find something else to do, and I wonder you are not ashamed to get so many Children. Alas! Madam, replied the good Woman, you don't consider, that we poor Folks have very often *nothing else for our Breakfast, Dinner and Supper.*

Joe Haines, the Player, being ask'd, what cou'd transport Mr. *Collier* into so blind a Zeal, for the general Suppression of the *Stage*, when only some particular Authors had abus'd it? Whereas the *Stage*, he cou'd not but know, was generally allowed, when rightly conducted, to be a delightful Method of mending the Morals. *For that Reason*, replied Haines, *Collier is, by Profession, a Moral-mender himself, and two of a Trade, you know, can never agree.*

A Parson, in the Country, taking his Text in St. *Matthew*, Chap. viii. verse 14. *And Peter's Wife's Mother lay sick of a Fever*, preach'd for three Sundays together on the same Subject: Soon after two Country Fellows going across the Church-Yard, and hearing the Bell toll, one ask'd the other, who it was for? *Nay, I can't tell; perhaps*, replied he, *it is for Peter's Wife's Mother, for she has been sick of a Fever these three Weeks.*

Jemmy Spiller, another of the jocose Comedians, going one Day through *Rag-Fair*, a Place where they sell Second-hand Goods, cheapened a Leg of Mutton, he saw hang up there, at a Butcher's Stall. The Butcher told him it was a Groat a Pound. *Are not you an unconscionable Fellow*, said Spiller, *to ask such a Price, when one may buy a new one for that in Clare-Market?*

Sir Thomas Gardner, being chose Recorder of *London*, one said that Office was the most fitting for him of all others; for no Place in the Kingdom was more full of ill Weeds.

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A Man very rich, but very filly, was recommended to a Gentleman, as a good Match for his Daughter. *No, no*, said he, *I wou'd rather have a Man for my Daughter without Money, than Money without a Man.*

A Fellow hearing one say, according to the *Italian Proverb*, *That three Women make a Market with their chattering*; *Ay, Ay*, said he, *then only add my Wife to to them, and they will make a Fair.*

The Bishop of *D——m* had a slovenly Custom of keeping one Hand always in his Breeches, and being one Day to bring a Bill into the House of Peers, relating to a Provision for Officers Widows, he came with the Papers in one Hand, and the other, as usual, in his Breeches; and beginning to speak, *I have something in my Hand, my Lords*, said he, for the Benefit of the Officers Widows——Upon which the Duke of *Wharton*, immediately interrupting him, said, *In which Hand, my Lord.*

In a little Country Town, it happened that the Squire of the Parish's Lady came to Church after her Lying-in, to return Thanks, or, as it is commonly called, to be Church'd: The Parson aiming to be complaisant, and thinking plain *Woman*, a little too familiar, instead of saying, *O Lord save this Woman*, said, *O Lord save this Lady.* The Clerk resolving not to be behind-hand with him, answer'd, *Who putteth her Ladyship's Trust in thee.*

One, when the Hangman went to put the Halter about his Neck, desired him not to bring the Rope too near his Throat; *For I am*, says he, *so ticklish about that Place, that I shall hurt myself so with over laughing, that it will go near to throttle me.*

A Gentleman, galloping furiously over plowed Lands towards *Tame*, and meeting one, ask'd him, *If that was the Way to Tame?* Aye, says the Fellow, *to tame your Horse, if he be as wild as the Devil.*

A Tinker crying for Work, one ask'd him, why he did not stop the two Holes in the Pillory? Says the Tinker, if you'll lend me your Head and Ears, I will find Hammer and Nails, and the Work into the Bargain.

A certain Gentleman (whose custom it is to put other Peoples Names to his own Works, that he himself may be at Liberty to praise them) presented my Lord *** with a Folio, and said there my Lord read that Book, which is wrote with the Pen of an Angel: But my Lord thrusting the Book from him, cry'd, *Sir, you mistake,—If Angels were to write Books there wou'd be no Folios.*

Two riding from *Shipton* to *Burford*, and seeing a Miller jog on softly before 'em on his Sacks, were resolv'd to abuse him; so they went one on each Side, saying, Miller, now tell us, which art thou most, Knave or Fool; truly, said he, I don't know which I am most, but I believe I am between both.

A Lady told a simple Gentleman, that his Wit was pretty; why so, says he, because, says she, you have so little, and all that's little is pretty.

One was saying, that his Great Grand-father, and Grand-father, and Father, died at Sea. Quoth another, who heard him, if I were you, I would never go to Sea. Why, said the other, where did your Great Grand-father, and Grand-father, and Father die? He answered, in their Beds; then said the First, *and if I were you, I would never go to Bed.*

A Chandler having had some Candles stole, One bid him be of good Cheer; *for in a short time*, says he, *I am confident, they'll all come to light.*

A Gentleman meeting the King's Jester, asked, what News? Why Sir, reply'd he, there are forty thousand Men risen To-day. I pray, to what End, said

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said the other, and what do they intend? *Why to lay down again at Night.*

A Man and his Wife were striving, who should wear the Breeches; in the mean Time one knock'd at the Door; the good Man stept out to see who was there, and ask'd the Party who he would speak withal; who answered, with the Master of the House. Stay, Friend, says he, but a little while, and I shall resolve you, for as yet the Case is doubtful. So, stepping in, his Wife and he went to it again, and at last yields him the Victory. Then he goes to the Door; Now, Friend, said he, thou may'st speak with me, I am Master of the House; but I could not tell thee so before, till my Wife and I had decided the Controversy.

A Man ask'd his Companion how a Friend of theirs liv'd in these hard Times? To which the other answered, *By his Wits. I wonder, says the other, how he can live upon so small a Stock.*

Alexander, after the Battle of *Granicus*, had very great Offers made him by *Darius*; but consulting with his Captains concerning them, *Parmenio* said, Sure, I would accept of the Offers, if I were *Alexander*: *Alexander* answered, *So would I, if I were Parmenio.*

An *Oxford* Scholar being at *Cambridge* ten Days together, they kept him drinking all Night, that he could never rise before Dinner; being ask'd how he lik'd the Place? He said, well enough, but that there was no Forenoon in it.

A Gentleman had a blind Harper playing before him while it was pretty late; at last he commands his Man to light the Harper down Stairs: To whom the Servant replied, Sir, the Harper is blind: Why, you ignorant Loggerhead, says his Master, has not he the more Need of Light?

On a Time, *Ogle* wanting a Pair of Boots to mount Guard in, goes into a Shoemaker's Shop, and ask'd for a Pair of Boots, which were brought him. They fitting him, he walk'd up and down the Shop, to settle them to his Feet; but seeing an Opportunity, he ran out of the Shop, and the Shoemaker followed him, crying, stop Thief! stop Thief! *Ogle* said no, Gentlemen, 'tis for a Wager; I am to run in Boots, and he in Shoes and Stockings. Then said the Mob, well run boots, for Shoes and Stockings will never overtake thee.

There being a general Muster of the Life-guards in *Hyde-Park*, and *Ogle* having lost his Cloak at Play, was therefore oblig'd to borrow his Landlady's Scarlet Petticoat; so tying it up in a Bundle, he put it behind him, then mounted safe enough, as he thought, and away he went; but one of the Rank perceiving the Border, immediately gave the Duke Item, and fell back into the Rank again. The Duke smiling to himself, said, Gentlemen, Cloak all; which they all did, except *Ogle*, who stammering and starting, said, Cloak all; what a Pox must we Cloak for? It don't rain. But he not cloaking, the Duke said, Mr. *Ogle*, why don't you obey the Word of Command? I can't Cloak, Sir, said *Ogle*, (putting his Head out at the Top of the Petticoat); but I can Petticoat with the best of you.

A Gentleman being choaked with a Honey-comb, his Friends began to bemoan him. *Why make you such Lamentation?* said a witty Person, *Never Man had a sweeter Death.*

There are several Coxcombs whom I have the Honour to be acquainted with, that have Strings of Stories pick'd out of the former Edition of this Work, which in Company they let off, one after another like the Discharge of a Wind-gun; and there are also Pedants of my Acquaintance, who, to shew their Skill in Logic, let off Syllogisms and Sophisms in the same Manner. - One of these last mention'd Gentle-

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Gentlemen was t'other Day at the *Bedford*, instructing Company thus :

*No cat has two Tails,
But my Cat has one Tail more than no Cat ;
Therefore my Cat has three Tails.*

Sir, says a Lieutenant that sat by him, *I have on board my Ship a Cat with nine Tails ; and, if you'll please to walk with me, you shall have them all for your Intelligence.*

'Twas no bad Joke of Lady *Starvegut's* Footman, who, on the PANTRY being kept lock'd, nail'd up the NECESSARY ; on being ask'd the Reason, he told her Ladyship, while one was unopen the other was unnecessary.

A Man who travell'd the Country, and got his Bread by flying upon a Rope off the Tops of Steeples, &c. applied once to a learned Bishop for Leave to fly from the Top of the Cathedral, and engaged some People of Weight to speak in his Favour ; to whom his Lordship reply'd ; *'Tis inconsistent with my Duty, and the Nature of my Function, to permit any Man to fly from the Church ; but your Friend may fly to it if he will.*

One was advised to venture something in a Lottery. Not I, says he, for none have Luck in it but rank Cuckolds. Come, come, says his Wife, I pray, my Dear, venture something ; I am sure you'll stand as good a Chance as any of them.

A Sea Captain's Opinion being ask'd about a future State, he answered, that *State Affairs* never troubled his Brains.

A Scotch Gentleman being once reproached for voting against his Conscience ; said the Charge was false ; *for he never had a Conscience.*

A Lady ordered her *Irish* Footman to Mr. *Richards*, the famous *Staymaker*, to fetch Home a new Pair of Stays, strictly charging him, that if it rain'd, to take a *Hackney* Coach, to prevent their being injured by the Weather. A violent Shower of Rain falling, the Fellow return'd with the Stays dropping wet; and being severely reprimanded for not obeying the Commands of his Lady, replied, *That in Truth, he did take a Coach, but rode all the Way behind it, as it became his Station.*

A Gentleman, who was parting some People in a Fray received so large a Cut in his Skull, that the Surgeon, while dressing it, told him, that he could see his Brains; *That's impossible*, says the Gentleman, *for if I had had any Brains, this had never happened to me.*

A Lady was saying she had overthrown her Adversary; at which one of her Servants said, ay, he took the wrong Sow by the Ear when he meddled with your Ladyship.

A Gentleman meeting of his Godson, ask'd him whither he was going? To School, replies the Boy. That's well, said he, there's Six-pence for you, follow thy Learning apace: *I may live to hear thee preach my Funeral Sermon.*

One said, that *Watermen* might be taken for Politicians, because they look one way and row another.

One of the Ambassadors from *Morocco*, having never seen Snow till he came into *England*, and observing (when it snow'd) that the Boys gathered it up in their Hands; said, It was no Wonder the *English* were so fair, since they wash'd themselves in white Rain.

One having a Kinswoman come out of the Country, that was never at *London* before, invited her abroad, and having shew'd her the Tombs at *Westminster*,

minster, came with her to the King's Chapel, where the Organs were playing, and entering in, he took her by the Hand to lead her to a convenient Seat; but she held back, saying, Indeed Cousin, you must excuse me, I cannot dance.

When Mr. *Powell*, the celebrated Fire-eater, came first to *London*, a Gentleman in the *Green-Room*, at *Covent-Garden* House said, on reading the Advertisement, 'twas Pity he had not come sooner to have prevented the Mischief done in *Cornhill*; for by the Account he had given of himself, he wou'd have eat that Fire up presently. And while they were disputing about the Man's Abilities, Sir, says Mr. *Quin*, *I look upon him to be the greatest Man in the World, he is in no Fear of Fire, and may bid the Devil kiss his Ass.*

One seeing his Son in Mischief, cried out, Sirrah, did you ever see me do so when I was a Boy?

While a Scholar was blowing his Fire, the Nose of the Bellows dropt off: I see, indeed, says he, it's cold Weather, for the Nose of the very Bellows drops.

An arch Barber at a certain Borough in the West, where there are but few Electors, had Art enough to suspend his Promise till the Voters, by Means of *Bribery*, the *old Balsam*, were so divided, that the casting Vote lay in himself. One of the Candidates, who was sensible of it, came into his little dirty Shop to be shaved, and when the Operation was finish'd, threw into the Basin *twenty Guineas*. The next Day came the other Candidate, who was shaved also, and left *Thirty*. Some Days after this, the first return'd to solicit the Barber's Vote, who told him very coldly, *That he cou'd not promise; not promise!* says the Gentleman, why I thought I had been shaved here! 'tis true, says the Barber, *You was, but another Gentleman has been trim'd since that; however, if you please, I'll trim you again, and then tell you my Mind.*

Scarron, a very merry Fellow, a little before his Death, seeing his Relations and Servants weeping heartily, said to them; Children, you never will cry so much as I have made you laugh.

The *French* King having a Lady in his private Apartment, commanded that no one should enter till his Majesty gave Orders for his being seen. An Officer happening to come at that Time with an Express, was very importunate to be admitted; but being denied, was obliged to wait till a Lady in Green had come out of the King's Closet, soon after which he was introduced; and enquiring of his Majesty's Welfare, the King told him he had been somewhat indisposed, but was then perfectly recover'd. The Officer reply'd, I believe your Majesty was troubled with the *Green-Sickness*, for I saw it go out at the Door.

A little Gentleman going to a Friend's House, found himself too short to reach the Knocker; at last, seeing a very tall Fellow coming by, begg'd him to do it for him; which (tho' very unwillingly) he did, at the same time muttering, *Damn it, what are little Fellows like you made for?* The other smartly reply'd, *To be waited on by the tall Ones like you.*

One being at Sermon, when a dry empty Fellow preach'd most of his Auditors out of the Church, said *he made a very moving Sermon.*

An *Englishman* braving a *Frenchman*, said, *We have a Lion to our Arms*; true, said the *Frenchman*, yet, *Leo Gallum Perhorrescit.*

Mr. *Phil. French*, of New College, coming into the Kitchen, chose out of the Eggs in the Skillet all the *swimming* Eggs for his own Dinner, which are commonly the worst; but being ask'd why he did so, answer'd, *I know these to be Duck Eggs, by their swimming.*

A Mayor

A Mayor of *Oxon* riding through the Water with *Queen Elizabeth*, would not suffer his Steed to drink; for which the *Queen* blaming him, he answered, *Madam, I shall teach my Horse better Manners than to drink before your Majesty.*

A Senior of a Hall chiding an Under-graduate for prating, told him, that *vir sapit, qui pauca loquitur.* Yes, saith the Under-graduate, & *vir loquitur, qui pauca sapit.*

A scholar being so fuddled that he could not unlock his Door, complained to the Governor, that somebody had stolen away his Key-hole.

A Scholar of *Christ Church* that was whimsical, or as we use to say, that had a *Maggot in his Head*, always complain'd, that when he eat Fish they would rise in his Stomach; no Wonder, quoth another, for they rise and leap after the Maggot in your Head.

The Cocket Writer at the Custom-House, whose Hand was as unintelligible as you can conceive any Scrawl to be, was one Day call'd upon by the Board to explain his Writing; and after puzzling himself some Time to no Purpose. *Gentlemen*, says he, *I beg you'll send for some other Person to explain it, for it is no Part of my Business, I am Cocket Writer, and not Cocket Reader.*

A Purse-proud niggardly Fellow willing to leave something behind him to perpetuate his Memory, order'd his Statue to be carved in Marble; when finish'd and brought Home, he ask'd a Friend that was present, if he thought it like him, O dear! Sir, says he, nothing can be more so, it resembles your very Body and Soul.

Two Sailors just come from the *West-Indies*, were in a Dispute where they should dine; Faith, says one of 'em I'll dine with my Lord Mayor, you don't for a Guinea, says the other, on which the Money was stak'd, and

away goes *Jack* in his Trowsers, in great Hastē, to his Lordship's, who was a Goldsmith, and with an Air of great Importance, said he must speak with him; but receiv'd for Answer, that his Lordship was busy with some Gentleman and he must call again. I won't hinder my Lord a Moment, says *Jack*, I am soon to go aboard, and doubt whether I can call again; which his Lordship being acquainted with, he was ordered in; *My Lord*, says *Jack*. *whispering him in the Year, what is a Wedge of Gold worth, half as long as my Leg*; Oh! very well, says my Lord: Here *John*, shew this honest Man into the Parlour; I insist on your dining with me, I am a little busy at present with these Gentlemen, but after Dinner I'll talk with you; so *Jack* thank'd his Lordship, and accepted of his Offer. When Dinner was over, and the Company gone, well, my honest Sailor, says my Lord, about this Wedge of Gold that you was mentioning, yes, my Lord, replies the Sailor, I want to know the Value of such a Thing; pray have you got it about you, says my Lord, no replies the Sailor, I have got never a one as yet; but I am going abroad, and if it was worth while I would endeavour to bring some home with me, and then your Lordship shall certainly see 'em.

An Author, who was miserably out at Heels, apply'd to a Bookseller, in *St. Paul's Church-Yard*, for Employment, who told him, that upon producing a Specimen of his Abilities, he would do something towards supporting him, as he was in such a pitiful Pickle. *Ay*, says the Author, *but I wou'd not be supported in this Pickle, I want to be taken out of it, and if you'll give me a Subject to write on, I'll convince you that I am worthy your Esteem*. Well, what Subject shall I give you, says the Bookseller, *Any Subject*, says the Gentleman, *but that of Money or my Wife*; for I'm not Master of either.

CHOICE



CHOICE
EPIGRAMS

Fresh gather'd from the
CONVERSATION
OF THE
POLITE and INGENIOUS;

And some of the most
SPRIGHTLY AUTHORS.

On a Troop of Horse being sent to Oxford, and a Present of Books to Cambridge.

EPIGRAM.

THE King surveying with judicious Eyes,
The State of both his Universities;
To one a Troop of Horse he sent, for why?
That learned Body wanted Loyalty:
To t'other he sent Books, as well discerning,
How much that loyal Body wanted Learning.

On Miss GUNNING. Extempore.

Cupid one Day, to show his Cunning,
Laid by his Bow, and took to Gunning.

To a Lady, who desir'd the Author to write no more Verses. Extempore.

Delia, 'twas your Command first taught
The Infant Muse to sing;
Drew from Obscurity the Bard,
To strike the trembling String:
At your Commands he drops the Pen,
Obsequious quits the Lyre;
Content, those Charms he durst not sing,
In Silence to admire.

To a Gentleman, who wrote a long dull Account of the Trade Winds.

The *Lapland* Witches have the Fate,
To sell their Winds at any Rate;
But I cou'd wish, dear Friend of mine,
At any Rate, thou may'st sell thine.

On a disinherited Son.

Thy Father, his Estate, by his last Will,
Left to the Poor; thou hast good Title still.

On a silly Fellow, who was always Laughing.

Eternal Smiles his Emptiness betray,
As shallow Streams, run dimpling all the Way.

On a Beau, who was always looking in the Glass.

He admires his Cloaths, how elegant they sit,
And spans his Waist, as slender as his Wit.

On a ruin'd Garden. By Mr. F.

Weeds from the Ground, instead of Flowers, sprout
And Snails adorn the Walls where once was Fruit:
Happy for us, had *Eve's* this Garden been;
Then she had found no Fruit, and we had known
no Sin.

On a Jacobite Lady turn'd Whig, and dress'd in Orange Colour Knots for a Dance.

Little Tory, why this Jest
Of all that Orange in your Breast;

While

While that Breast, betraying, shows
The Whiteness of the Rebel Rose?

*The Waterman's Epigram, on a certain Nobleman's
House being repair'd.*

Long on the River have I row'd,
It may be Years some Thirty;
While *** Earl his Backside show'd,
Green, Yellow, Black and dirty:
How is my Heart rejoic'd, I cry'd,
To see how white it made is,
It is not now my Lord's Backside,
This surely is my Lady's.

*On a good Singer's being turn'd out of one of the
Theatres at the Instigation of one of the Players.*

Says Kate C—to the Devil, in Spite of Resistance,
I've damn'd one good Singer without your Assistance.
Then Kate, says Old Nick, I'm a Damn in your Debt:
So they parted good Friends, as they always had met.

Women the best Politicians.

One Night plump Sue and Coachman Ned,
A Bargain struck in Haste to wed;
A Crown was stak'd, the Pair consented
To lose their Pledge who first repented:
Time for the Matrimonial Farce,
To-morrow comes—Ned hangs on Arse.
Of bad the best poor Suky makes,
And, angry, claims his forfeit Stakes:
Ned frankly paid it, as agreed,
Of a worse Bargain to be freed;
Quoth he, thou'rt welcome on my Life,
A cheap Divorcement from a Wife.
The crafty Quean, who feign'd awhile,
Soon answer'd with a jeering Smile,
' Ah Fool, 'tis well you first relented,
' I'd lost—had you but seem'd contented:
' Gladly your Freedom I'll restore,
' One Shilling spend, and pocket four.'

Ladies,

Ladies, lay *Ovid's* Rules apart,
In Love learn thriftier *Susan's* Art.

*On the Busts in Merlin's Cave. Spoken Extempore,
at the Time of a remarkable Opposition to the Ministry.*

W—le, P—lt—y and Sh—pp—n, do fret and do rave,
And so do the rest of the Nation,
That so many wise Heads shou'd be plac'd in a Cave,
And none in the Administration.

On Sir John Strange, Knight, Master of the Rolls.
Here lies an honest Lawyer,
And that is — *Strange*.

Giles Jolt and his Cart.

Giles Jolt, as sleeping in his Cart he lay,
Some pilf'ring Villains stole his Team away :
Giles wakes and cries—What's here, a dickins, what !
Why how now—Am I *Giles*, or am I not ?
If he—I've lost six Geldings to my Smart :
If not—Odsbuddikins, I've found a Cart.

*By Mr. *****

Joan vows, to hearten tim'rous Youth,
She ne'er saw Ghost, or thing uncivil,
Worse than herself;—tho' once, in Truth,
Joan does believe she saw the Devil.

Mr. Pope vindicated. By Dr. S—t.

Ye little Wits that gleam'd awhile,
When *Pope* vouchsaf'd a Ray,
Alas! depriv'd of his kind Smile,
How soon ye fade away !

To compass *Phæbus'* Car about,
Thus empty Vapours rise ;
Each lends his Cloud, to put him out
That rear'd him to the Skies.

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Alas! those Skies are not your Sphere;
 There he shall ever burn:
 Weep, weep, and fall! for Earth ye were,
 And must to Earth return.

To Mr. Pope on his Dunciad. By the same.

The Raven, Rook, and pert Jackdaw,
 (Tho' neither Birds of moral Kind)
 Yet serve, if hang'd, or stuff'd with Straw,
 To shew us, which way blows the Wind.

Thus dirty Knaves, or chatt'ring Fools,
 Strung up by Dozens in thy Lay,
 Teach more by half than *Dennis'* Rules,
 And point Instructions ev'ry Way.

With *Egypt's* Art thy Pen may strive,
 One potent Drop let this but shed;
 And ev'ry Rogue that stunk alive
 Becomes a precious Mummy dead.

To Mr. Pope. By the same.

While Malice, *Pope*, denies thy Page
 Its own celestial Fire;
 While Criticks, and while Bards in Rage,
 Admiring, won't admire.

While wayward Pens thy Worth assail,
 And envious Tongues decry,
 These Times tho' many a Friend bewail,
 These Times bewail not I.

But when the World's loud Praise is thine,
 And Spleen no more shall blame,
 When with thy *Homer* thou shalt shine
 In one establish'd Fame.

When none shall rail, and ev'ry Lay
 Devote a Wreath to thee;
 That Day (for come it will) that Day
 Shall I lament to see.

A Simile

A Simile. By the same.

Dear *Welfled*, mark in dirty Hole,
 That painful animal a Mole:
 Above-ground never born to go,
 What mighty stir it keeps below;
 To make a Mole-hill all this Strife!
 It digs, pokes, undermines for Life.
 How proud a little Dirt to spread!
 Conscious of nothing o'er its Head.
 'Till, lab'ring on for want of Eyes,
 It blunders into Light—and dies.

On a good Joker but bad Writer. By the same.

You ask why *Broome* diverts you with his Jokes,
 Yet if he writes, is dull as other Folks?
 You wonder at it—This, Sir, is the Case,
 The Jest is lost, unless he prints his Face.

The Rival Bards. By the same.

Burnet and *Ducket*, Friends in Spite,
 Came hissing forth in Verse;
 Both were so forward, each would write,
 So dull, each hung an A——.
 Thus *Amphisbæna* (I have read)
 At either End Assails;
 None knows which leads, or which is led,
 For both Heads are but Tails.

On a bad Author.

Half of your Book is to an *Index* grown,
 You give your Book *Contents*, your Readers none.

On the Marriage of an old Maid.

Celia, a Coquet in her Prime,
 The vainest, ficklest Thing alive:
 Behold the strange Effects of Time!
 Marries, and doats at Forty-five.

Thus

Thus Weather-cocks, who, for a while,
Have turn'd about with every Blast;
Grown old, and destitute of Oil,
Rust to a Point, and fix at last.

The best Cure for Love.

Of two Reliefs, to cure a Love-sick Mind,
Flavia prescribes Despair; I urge be kind:
Flavia be kind: The Remedy's as sure.
'Tis the most pleasant, and the quickest Cure.

On a Flower painted by Varelst. By Mr. Prior.

When fam'd *Varelst* this little Wonder drew,
Flora vouchsafed the growing Work to view;
Finding the Painter's Science at a Stand,
The Goddess snatch'd the Pencil from his Hand,
And finishing the Piece, she smiling said,
Behold one Work of mine which ne'er shall fade.

On a Lady, who was very handsome and very fond.

Chloe, the Wonder of her Sex,
'Tis well her Heart is tender;
How might such killing Eyes perplex,
With Virtue to defend her.

But Nature graciously inclin'd,
Not bent to vex but please us,
Has to her boundless Beauty join'd
A boundless Will to ease us.

On an old Woman who wore false Hair.

The Golden Hair that *Galla* wears,
Is hers, who would have thought it?
She swears 'tis her's—and true she swears;
For I know where she bought it.

On a Lady wearing artificial Teeth.

Thais her Teeth are black and nought,
Lucania's white are grown;

But

But what's the Reason? these are bought,
The other wears her own.

On a Welshman bilking his Host.

A *Welshman* coming late into an Inn,
Asked the Maid, what Meat there was within?
Cow-heels she answer'd, and a Breast of Mutton;
But, quoth the *Welshman*, since I am no Glutton,
Either of these shall serve: To Night the Breast,
The Heels i'th' Morning; then light Meat is best;
At Night, he took the Breast, and did not pay,
I'th' Morning, took his *Heels* and ran away,

On a Painter drawing a Lady's Picture. By Mr. Dennis.

He * who great *Jove's* Artillery ap'd so well,
By real Thunder and true Lightning fell;
How then durst thou, with equal Danger try,
To counterfeit the Lightning of her Eye!
Painter desist! or soon th' Event will prove,
That Love's as jealous, of his Arms, as *Jove*,

On seeing a beautiful Lady working with her Needle.

Oh! what Bosom but must yield,
When like *Pallas* you advance,
With a Thimble for your Shield,
And a Needle for your Lance;
Fairest of the blooming Train,
Ease my Passion by your Art,
And in Pity to my Pain,
Mend the Hole that's in my Heart.

To Mr. Pope on his Translation of Homer.

So much, dear *Pope*, thy *English Iliad* charms,
Where Pity melts us, or where Passion warms,
That After-ages shall with Wonder seek,
Who 'twas translated *Homer* into Greek.

* *Salmonius*.

Tha

The Dart. To the Lady L—— M——.

Whene'er I look, I may descry
 A little Face peep through that Eye,
 Sure that's the Boy, who wisely chose,
 His Throne among such Beams as those ;
 Which if his Quiver chance to fall,
 May serve for Darts to kill withal.

*Mr. Hoskins on being imprisoned by Charles the first
 for freedom of Speech in one of his Parliaments,
 sent his Son Ben, a little Child, these Verses.*

Sweet Benjamin, since thou art young,
 And hast not yet the Use of Tongue ;
 Make it thy Care, while thou art free,
 Imprison it, lest it imprison thee.

*Minerva's Mistake. To the beautiful and ingenious
 Miss *****.*

Minerva one Day, pray let no Body doubt it,
 Rode an airing from Oxford six Miles, or about it,
 Where she spy'd a young Damsel, so blooming and fair,
 That, Ah Venus! she cry'd, is your Ladyship there?
 Pray is not yon Oxford? And lately you swear,
 Neither you, nor aught like you, thou'd ever come
 there ;

Do you thus keep your Promise ! And am I defy'd !
 The Virgin drew near her, and smiling replied,
 My Goddess! what have you your Pupil forgot?
 Your Pardon my Dear—is it you Molly Scot?

On the Duke of Argyle. By Mr. Gay.

Argyle they say has Wit, for what?
 For writing? —No; for writing not.

On an ugly old Woman in the Dark. From Martial.

Whilst in the Dark on thy soft Hand I hung,
 And heard the tempting Syren in thy Tongue;
 What Flames, what Darts, what Anguish I endur'd!
 But when the Candle enter'd, I was cur'd.

On

On seeing a disagreeable Woman with Patches on her Face.

Your homely Face, *Flippanta*, you disguise,
With Patches numerous as *Argus'* Eyes,
I own that Patching's requisite for you,
For more we're pleas'd if less your Face we view;
Yet I advise, if my Advice you'd ask,
Wear but one Patch, and be that Patch a Mask.

On Suicide. From Martial.

When all the Blandishments of Life are gone,
The Coward creeps to Death, the *Brave* lives on.

On a bad Poet.

Thy Verses are eternal, O my Friend!
For he who reads them, reads them to no End.

Pinn'd to a Sheet, in which a Woman stood to do Penance in the Church.

Here stand I, for Whores as great
To cast a scornful Eye on;
Should each Whore here be doom'd a Sheet,
You'd soon want one to lie on.

Written under the KING'S HEAD and BELL, in Dublin, at the Request of the Host. By Dr. Swift.

May the King live long,
Dong, ding, ding, dong.

Advice to Dr. Trapp on his translating Virgil.

Mind but thy Preaching *Trapp*, translate no further,
Is it not written, *Thou shalt do no Murther?*

A Receipt to make an EPIGRAM, by the Right Honourable the late Lord Hervey.

A pleasing Subject first with Care provide,
Your Matter must with Nature be supply'd,
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Nervous your Diction, be your Measure long,
 Nor fear your Verse be stiff, if Sense be strong:
 In proper Places, proper Numbers use,
 And now the quicker, now the slower chuse,
 Too soon the *Dactyl* the Performance ends;
 But the slow *Spondee* coming Thoughts suspends.
 Your last Attention on the Sting bestow,
 To that your good, or ill Success you'll owe;
 For there not Wit alone must shine, but Humour
 flow: }

Observing these, your Epigram's compleated;
 Nor fear 'twill tire, altho' nine Times repeated.

On seeing PROMETHEUS ill painted. By Mr. Cowley.

How wretched does *Prometheus*' State appear,
 Whilst he his second Mis'ry suffers here.
 Draw him no more, lest as he tortur'd stands,
 He blame great *Jove*'s less than the Painter's Hands.
 It would the Vulture's Cruelty outgo,
 If once again his Liver thus should grow.
 Pity him *Jove*, and his bold Theft allow;
 The Flames he once stole from thee, grant him now.

By Dr. Swift.

As *Thomas* was cudgell'd one Day by his Wife,
 He took to his Heels, and ran for his Life.
Tom's three dearest Friends came by in the Squabble,
 And screen'd him at once from the Shrew and the
 Rabble;
 Then ventur'd to give him some wholesome Advice;
 But *Tom* is a Fellow of Humour so nice,
 Too proud to take Counsel, too wise to take Warning,
 He sent to all three a Challenge next Morning.
 He fought with all three, thrice ventur'd his Life,
 Then went home again, and was thresh'd by his Wife.

Venus mistaken. By Mr. Prior.

When *Chloe*'s Picture was to *Venus* shown,
 Surpris'd, the Goddess took it for her own;
 And what, said she, does this bold Painter mean?
 When was I bathing thus? And naked seen?

Pleas'd *Cupid* heard, and check'd his Mother's Pride;
 And who's blind now, *Mamma*, the Urchin cry'd?
 'Tis *Ghloe's* Eye, and Cheek, and Lip, and Breast;
 Friend *Howard's* Genius, fancied all the rest.

The disappointed Husband,

A scolding Wife so long a Sleep possess'd,
 Her Spouse presum'd her Soul was now at Rest.
Sable was call'd, to hang the Room with Black,
 And all their Cheer was Sugar-rolls and Sack.
 Two mourning Staffs stood Centry at the Door,
 And *Silence* reign'd, who ne'er was there before.
 The Cloaks and Tears and Handkerchiefs prepar'd,
 They march'd in woeful Pomp to *Abchurch-Yard*.
 When, see of narrow Streets what Mischiefs come!
 The very Dead can't pass in quiet Home.
 By some rude Jolt the Coffin Lid was broke,
 And *Madam* from her Dream of Death awoke.
 Now all was spoil'd! The Undertaker's Pay,
 Sour Faces, Cakes, and Wine quite thrown away.
 But some Years after, when the former Scene
 Was acted, and the Coffin nail'd again,
 The tender Husband took especial Care
 To keep the Passage from Disturbance clear;
 Charging the Bearers that they tread aright,
 Nor put his Dear in such another Fright.

*On a beautiful Woman with a fine Voice, who was very
 covetous and proud.*

So bright is thy Beauty, so charming thy Song,
 As had drawn both the Beasts and their *Orpheus* along;
 But such is thy Avarice, and such is thy Pride,
 That the Beast must have starv'd, and the Poet have
 dy'd.

On Miss Floyd. By Dr. Swift.

When *Cupid* did his Grandfirer *Jove* intreat,
 To form some Beauty by a new Receipt;
Jove sent, and found far in a Country Scene
 Truth, Innocence, Good-nature, Looks Serene:
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From which Ingredients, first the dext'rous Boy,
 Pick'd the Demure, the Aukward, and the Coy;
 The *Graces* from the Court did next provide,
 Breeding and Wit, and Air, and decent Pride.
 These *Venus* cleans'd from every spurious Grain,
 Of nice Coquet, affected, pert and vain.
Jove mix'd up all, and his best Clay employ'd,
 Then call'd the happy Composition *Floyd*.

Written on a Fan. By Dr. Atterbury.

Flavia, the least and slightest Toy,
 Can with resistless Art employ;
 This Fan, in meaner Hands, would prove
 An Engine of small Force in Love;
 Yet she, with graceful Air and Mien,
 Not to be told, or fairly seen,
 Directs its wanton Motion so,
 That it wounds more than *Cupid's* Bow;
 Gives Coolness to the matchless Dame,
 To every other Breast a Flame.

*On a Company of bad Dancers to good Music. By
 Mr. Budgell.*

How ill the Motion with the Music suits!
 So *Orpheus* fiddled, and so danc'd the Brutes.

On the late Lora H—y. By the Earl of C—d.

Nature whilst *H—y's* Clay was blending,
 Uncertain what the Thing would end in;
 Whether a Female, or a Male,
 A Pin dropt in, and turn'd the Scale.

*On Mr. T——d's complimenting Mr. F——de, on
 his Poetry.*

F——de writes well you say; suppose it true,
 You pawn your Word for him, he'll vouch for you;
 So two poor Knaves when once their Credit fail,
 To cheat the World, become each others Bail.

Lingua potentior Armis.

That Speech surpasses Force is no new Whim,
Jove caus'd the Heavens to tremble, *Juno* him.

*In a Window of a Room in the Tower of London, is
 wrote, R. WALPOLE, 1712. Underneath it are the
 following Lines.*

Good unexpected, Evil unforeseen,
 Appear by Turns, as Fortune shifts the Scene,
 Some rais'd aloft, come tumbling down amain,
 And fall so hard, they bound and rise again.

By Mr. Prior.

From her own Native *France* as old *Alison* past,
 She reproach'd *English Nell* with Neglect or with
 Malice,

That the Slatern had left in the Hurry and Haste,
 Her Lady's Complexion and Eye-Brows at *Calais*.

*Dean SWIFT being sent for by the Lord CARTERET,
 then Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and waiting alone
 for some Time in the Council Chamber, wrote with a
 Diamond on the Window*

My very good Lord, 'tis a very hard Task,
 For a Man to wait here, who has nothing to ask.

*My Lord coming soon after into the Room, wrote under it
 thus.*

My very good Dean, there's few who come here,
 But have something to ask, or something to fear.

On Chloe.

Here *Chloe* lies,
 Whose own bright Eyes
 Set all the World on Fire!
 And not to be
 Ungrateful, she
 Did all the World admire.

An Epitaph

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An Epitaph on little Stephen, a noted Fidler in Suffolk.

*Stephen and Time
Are now both even;
Stephen beat Time,
Now Time beats Stephen.*

*On the Burser of a College in Oxford, cutting down the
Trees near to the said College, for his own Use.*

Indulgent Nature to each Creature shows;
A secret Instinct to discern its Foes:
The Goose, a silly Bird, avoids the Fox;
Lambs fly from Wolves, and Sailors steer from Rocks.
The Thief the Gallows, as his Fate foresees,
And bears the like Antipathy to Trees.

To a bad Fidler.

Old *Orpheus* play'd so well, he mov'd *old Nick*,
But thou mov'st nothing but thy Fiddlestick.

*Written on Glafs with the Earl of CHESTERFIELD'S
Diamond Pencil. By Mr. Pope.*

Accept a Miracle instead of Wit;
See two dull Lines with *Stanhope's* Pencil writ.

By Mr. Cooke. From Martial.

Paul, so fond of the Name of a Poet is grown,
With Gold he buys Verses, and calls them his own;
Go on, Mr. *Paul*, nor mind what the World says,
They are surely his own for which a Man pays.

A Marriage Certificate. By Dr. Swift.

Under this Hedge in stormy weather,
I join'd this Whore * and Rogue together;
And none but he who made the Thunder,
Can put this Whore and Rogue asunder.

* *She was big with Child when the Ceremony was performed.*

*Inscription for a Fountain adorned with Queen ANNE's
and the Duke of MARLBROUGH's Statues; and the
chief Rivers of the World round the Work. By
Mr. PRIOR.*

Ye active Streams where e'er your Waters flow,
Let distant Climes, and farthest Nations know,
What ye from *Thames* and *Danube* have been taught,
How ANNE commanded, and how MARLBROUGH
fought.

By the Earl of DORSET.

Tell me *Dorinda*, why so gay,
With such Embroid'ry, Fringe, and Lace?
Can any Dresses find a Way,
To stop th' Approaches of Decay,
And mend a ruin'd Face?

Wilt thou still sparkle in the Box,
And ogle in the Ring?
Canst thou forget thy Age and Pox,
Can all that shine on Shelves or Rocks,
Make thee a fine young Thing?

So have I seen in Larder dark,
Of Veal a lucid Loin,
Replete with many a brilliant Spark
(As wise Philosophers remark)
At once both stink and shine.

On an empty Coxcomb.

You beat your Pate, and fancy Wit will come,
Knock as you please, there's nobody at Home.

The advantage of having two Physicians

One prompt Physician like a Sculler plies,
And all his Art, and all his Skill applies;
But two Physicians like a Pair of Oars,
Convey you soonest to the *Stygian* Shores.

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Liars compar'd.

Such a *Liar* is *Tom*, there's no one can lie faster,
Excepting his Maid, and she'll lie with her Master.

On a Grave-stone in Cirencester Church-yard.

Death takes the Good, too good on Earth to stay,
And leaves the bad, too bad to take away.

On an old Maid,

Ancient *Phyllis* has young Graces;
'Tis a strange Thing but a true one;
Shall I tell you how?
She herself makes her own Faces,
And each Morning wears a new one;
Where's the Wonder now?

Who's the greatest Sinner.

Seven Times a Day the just Men sin;
So speaks the Sage our Hearts to soften:
Well, the just Women, they fall in!
Ah! but no Sage can tell how often.

To Sir Godfrey Kneller, drawing the Lady Hide's Picture.

The *Cyprian* Queen drawn by *Apelles'* Hand;
Of perfect Beauty did the Pattern stand;
But then bright Nymphs from ev'ry Part of *Greece*,
Did all contribute to adorn the Piece;
From each a several Charm the Painter took,
For no one Mortal so divine cou'd look:
But happier *Kneller*, Fate presents to you,
In one, that finish'd Beauty which he drew,
But oh! take Heed, for vast is the Design,
And Madness 'twere for any Hand but thine.
For mocking Thunder bold *Salmonius* dies;
And 'tis as rash to imitate her Eyes.

Epitaph on a Country Sexton.

Here lies old *Hare*, worn out with Care,
 Who whilome toll'd the Bell;
 Cou'd dig a Grave, or set a Stave,
 And say *Amen* full well.

For sacred Song, he'd *Sternhold's* Tongue,
 And *Hepkins'* eke also;
 With Cough and Hem, he stood by them,
 As far as Lungs wou'd go.

Many a Feast for Worms he dress'd,
 Himself then wanting Bread;
 But lo! he's gone, with Skin and Bone,
 To starve 'em now he's dead.

Here take his Spade, and use his Trade,
 Since he is out of Breath;
 Cover the Bones of him who once
 Wrought Journey-work for Death.

A Character.

Sometimes to Sense, sometimes to Nonsense leaning
 And always blund'ring round about his Meaning.

To the Dutcheſs of Beaufort.

Offspring of a tuneful Sire,
 Blest with more than mortal Fire;
 Likewise of a Mother's Face,
 Blest with more than mortal Grace.
 You with double Charms surprize,
 With his Wit, and with her Eyes.

The fair Fool, to Miſs —

Selinda sure's the brightest Thing,
 That decks our Earth, or breathes our Air,
 Mild are her Looks like op'ning Spring,
 And like the blooming Summer fair.

But

But yet her Wit's so very small,
 That all her Charms appear to lie,
 Like glaring Colours on a Wall,
 And strike no farther than the Eye.

Our Eyes luxuriously she treats,
 Our Ears are absent from the Feast,
 One Sense is surfeited with Sweets,
 Starv'd or disgusted are the rest.

So have I seen with Aspect bright,
 And tawdry Pride a Tulip swell,
 Blooming and beauteous to the Sight,
 Dull and insipid to the Smell.

By Mr. Prior.

To *John* I ow'd great Obligation,
 But *John* unhappily thought fit,
 To publish it to all the Nation;
 Sure *John* and I are more than quit.

On a Gentleman who died the Day after his Lady.

She first departed, he for one Day try'd
 To live without her, lik'd it not, and dy'd.

Upon the Picture of the Lady Hide.

When fam'd *Apelles* sought to frame,
 Some Image of th' *Idalian* Dame,
 To furnish Graces for the Piece,
 He summon'd all the Nymphs of *Greece*;
 So many Mortals were combin'd,
 To show how one Immortal shin'd.
 Hadst thou thus sat by Proxy too,
 As *Venus* then was said to do,
Venus herself, and all her Train,
 Of Goddesses had summon'd been;
 The Painter must have search'd the Skies,
 To match the Lustre of your Eyes.
 Comparing then, while thus we view
 The ancient *Venus* and the new;

In her we many Mortals see,
As many Goddeffes in thee.

On a Town Nymph.

Prignt as the Day, and as the Morning fair,
Such *Chloe* is,—but common as the Air.

On some Snow that melted on a Lady's Breast.

Those envious Flakes came down in haste,
To prove her Breast so fair;
Grieving to find themselves surpast,
Dissolv'd into a Tear.

On a Woman grown exceedingly demure after Marriage.

Chloe new-married, looks at Men no more;
Why then, 'tis plain, for what she look'd before.

On my Neighbour Thomas and his Spouse.

When *Thomas* calls his Wife his Half,
I like the Fellow's Whim;
For why? She horns him, so the Jilt
Belongs but half to him.

On a bad Husband.

On his Death-bed poor *Lubin* lies,
His Spouse is in Despair;
With frequent Sobs, and mutual Cries,
They both express their Care.

A different Cause, says Parson *fy*,
The same Effect may give;
Poor *Lubin* fears that he shall die,
His Wife, that he may live.

Upon a Patch on a Lady's Face.

That artful Speck upon your Face,
Had been a Foil on one less fair;
In her it hides a wounding Grace,
And she, in Mercy plac'd it there.

On

On the choice of a Wife.

When *Loveless* married Lady *Jenny*,
 Whose Beauty was the ready Penny:
 I chose her, says he, like old Plate,
 Not for the Fashion, but the Weight.

The Pretender's Wish.

George came to the Crown without striking a Blow,
 Ah! quoth the Pretender, wou'd I cou'd do so.

Upon a Cravat flourish'd by Mrs. —

When *Mira* casts around her conquering Eyes,
 A thousand Victims fall a Sacrifice;
 No Bounds her Charms acknowledge, but her Will;
 And wheresoe'r she darts, a Look can kill;
 Why should she then new Artifices find,
 To extend her Power, and vanquish human Kind?
 Cannot the pointed Rays shot from her Eyes,
 Her graceful Person, and her Mien suffice;
 But she must triumph in acquired Art,
 And turn her very Needle to a Dart?

On MILTON.

Three Poets in three distant Ages born,
Greece, *Italy*, and *England* did adorn;
 The first in Loftiness of Thought surpass,
 The next in Majesty, in both the last.
 The force of Nature cou'd no farther go.
 To make a third, she join'd the former two.

Written in the blank Leaf of an Ovid.

Ovid is the surest Guide,
 You can find to shew the Way,
 To a Woman, Maid, or Bride,
 Who intends to go astray.

To a Lady who commended another's Eyes.

In vain by Parallels you strive,
Panthea's Eyes to praise;

Perfection, which we can't conceive,
Itself alone displays.

Gaze on them only, if you'd know,
What dazzling Rays they dart;
But, if what piercing Shafts they throw,
Then view my wounded Heart.

On Love.

Love is begot by Fancy, bred
By Ignorance, by Expectation fed,
Destroyed by Knowledge, and at best,
Lost in the Moment 'tis possest.

On an ugly old Maid that painted.

Leave off thy Paint, Perfumes, and Youthful Dress,
And Nature's Failing honestly confess;
Double we see those Faults, which Art wou'd mend;
Plain downright Ugliness wou'd less offend.

Phyllis's Age.

How old may *Phyllis* be, you ask,
Whose Beauty thus all Hearts engages?
To answer is no easy Task;
For she has really two Ages,

Stiff in Brocade, and pinch'd in Stays,
Her Patches, Paint, and Jewels on;
All Day let Envy view her Face,
And *Phyllis* is but twenty-one.

Paint, Patches, Jewels, laid aside,
At Night Astronomers agree,
The Evening has the Day bely'd,
And *Phyllis* is some forty-three.

From Martial. Lib. I. Ep. 20.

When Gammar Gurton first I knew,
Four Teeth in all she reckon'd,

Comes

Comes a damn'd Cough, and whips out two,
And t'other two a second.

Courage, old Dame, and do not fear
The third, whene'er it comes;
Give me but t'other Jug of Beer,
And I'll insure your Gums.

On a Miser, and a Spendthrift.

Rich *Gripe* does all his Thoughts and Cunning bend,
T' encrease that Wealth he wants a Soul to spend;
Poor *Shifter* does his whole Contrivance set
To spend that Wealth he wants the Sense to get;
How happy wou'd to each appear his Fate,
Had *Gripe* his Humour, or he *Gripe's* Estate!
Kind Fate and Fortune! blend 'em if you can,
And, of two Wretches, make one happy Man.

On a Devotee.

Pious *Selinda* goes to Pray'rs,
If I but ask the Favour;
And yet, the tender Fool's in Tears,
When she believes I'll leave her.

Wou'd I were free from this Restraint,
Or else had Hopes to win her;
Wou'd she cou'd make of me a Saint,
Or I of her a Sinner.

The true Reason.

Selinda ne'er appears till Night;
And what won't female Envy say?
But well she knows, she shines so bright,
Her Presence may supply the Day.

On a pretty common Woman

Wou'd thou had'st Beauty less, or Virtue more;
For nothing's uglier than a pretty Whore.

On a pretty Lady of ill Temper.

Did *Celia's* Person and her Mind agree,
 What Mortal cou'd behold her and be free?
 But Nature has, in Pity to Mankind,
 Enrich'd the Image, and defac'd the Mind,

On the Death of Mary, Countess of Pembroke.

Underneath this fable Hearse,
 Lies the Subject of all Verse,
Sidney's Sister, *Pembroke's* Mother,
 Death! ere thou hast kill'd another,
 Fair and learn'd, and good as she,
 Time shall throw his Dart at thee.

On Dr. Cade, dying by his own Recipe.

Cade who had slain ten thousand Men
 With that small Instrument a Pen,
 Being sick, unluckily he try'd
 The Point upon himself, and dy'd.

A Lover's Anger.

As *Chloe* came into the Room t'other Day,
 I, peevish began, Where so long cou'd you stay?
 In your Life-time you never regarded your Hour,
 You promis'd at Two, and pray look, Child, 'tis
 Four;
 A Lady's Watch needs neither Figures nor Wheels;
 'Tis enough that 'tis loaded with Baubles and Seals;
 A Temper so heedless no Mortal can bear——
 Thus far I went on with a resolute Air.
 Lord bless me! cry'd she, let a Body but speak!
 Here's an ugly hard Rose-bud fell into my Neck:
 It has hurt me, and vex'd me to such a Degree;
 But I know you wou'd never believe one; pray see
 On the left Side my Breast what a Mark it has made.
 So saying, her Bosom she careless display'd;
 That Seat of Delight I with Wonder survey'd,
 And forgot e'ery Word I design'd to have said.

On

On Mr. Hearn, the great Antiquary.

Pox on't, says *Time* to *Thomas Hearn*,
Whatever I forget, you learn.

*A Lady wrote upon a Window some Verses, intimating
her Design of never marrying; under which a Gentleman wrote the following Lines.*

The Lady who this Resolution took,
Wrote it on Glass, because it should be broke.

To an angry Rival.

Tis not the Fear of Death or Smart,
Makes me averse to fight:
But to preserve a tender Heart,
Not mine, but *Celia's* Right.

Then let your Fury be suppress'd,
Not me, but *Celia* spare;
Your Sword is welcome to my Breast,
When *Celia* is not there.

The Musical Contest.

Some say, that Signior *Bononcini*,
Compar'd to *Handel's* a meer Ninny;
Others aver, that to him *Handel*
Is scarcely fit to hold the Candle.
Strange, that such high Disputes shou'd be,
'Twixt *Tweedledum* and *Tweedledee*.

*Written in the Window of the Deanery-House of St.
Patrick in Dublin. By Dr. Delany.*

Are the Guests of this House still doom'd to be cheated.
Sure the Fates have decreed, they by Halves shou'd
be treated!

In the Days of old *John**, if you came here to dine.
You had Choice of good Meat, but no Choice of
good Wine;

* *The late Dean.*

In

In *Jonathan's* † Reign, if you come here to eat,
You have Choice of good Wine, but no Choice of
good Meat.

Oh *Jove*! then how fully might all Sides be blest,
Wou'dst thou but agree to this humble Request;
Put both Deans in one; or, if that's too much
Trouble,
Instead of the Dean, make the Deanery double.

On a Feather in a Lady's Hair.

If C—ru but wear it, a Feather's a Charm,
Ah! who can be safe, when a Feather can harm?
Since first I beheld, what a Life have I led!
All Joy and Content with that Feather are fled.
Fly, Youth! from this Beauty, whoever thou art;
And warn'd by the Feather, beware of the Dart

From Martial, Lib. iv. Ep. 48.

Varus invited me to sup of late;
The Food was scanty, but the Wealth was great;
Vast empty Plates and Cups of Gold were serv'd;
My Eyes were feasted, but my Guts were starv'd.
Varus! I did not come to gaze, but eat;
So take away your Plates, or bring some Meat.

The Monument.

A Monster in a Course of Vice grown old,
Leaves to his gaping Heir his ill-gain'd Gold;
Strait breathes his Bust, strait are his Virtues shown,
Their Date commencing with the sculptur'd Stone.
If on his spacious Marble we rely,
Pity a Worth like his shou'd ever die!
If Credit to his real Life we give,
Pity a Wretch like him shou'd ever live.

From Martial, Lib. viii. Ep. 19.

Cinna cries out, I am not worth a Groat;
And is, Plague on him, what he wou'd be thought.

† Dr. *Swift*, the then Dean.

On

On setting up Mr. Butler's Monument in Westminster-Abbey.

Whilst *Butler*, needy Wretch ! was still alive,
 No gen'rous Patron wou'd a Dinner give ?
 See him, when starv'd to Death, and turn'd to
 Dust,
 Presented with a monumental Bust !
 The Poet's Fate is here in Emblem shewn ;
 He ask'd for Bread, and he receiv'd a Stone.

The Critical Moment. By Mr. Prior

How capricious was Nature and Art to poor *Nell* !
 She was painting her Cheeks, at the Time her Nose
 fell.

*To Miss ******

We Men have many Faults,
 Poor Women have but two ;—
 There's nothing good they say ;
 There's nothing good they do.

In Chaucer's Style.

Fair *Susan* did her Wife-hede well menteine,
 Algates assaulted fore by Letchours tweine.
 Now, and I read aright that auntian Song,
 Old were the Paramours, the Dame full young.

Had thilke same Tale in other Guise been tolde,
 Had been young, pardie, and they been olde,
 That, by *St. Kit*, had wrought much forer Tryal ;
 Full marvellous, I wrote, were swilk Denyal.

*Advice to Miss ******

If Youth and Beauty fade, my Dear,
 Impart them wisely while you may ;
 If still they last, why shou'd you fear
 To give, what none can take away ?

The

The Eye-Brow.

Her Eye-Brow Box one Morning lost,
 The best of Folks are oft'nest crost,
 Sad *Hellen* thus to *Jenny* said,
 Her careless, but afflicted Maid:

Put me to Bed then, wretched *Jane*!
 Alas! when shall I rise again?
 I can behold no Mortal now;
 For what's an Eye without a Brow?

On the same.

Hellen was just slip'd into Bed,
 Her Eye-Brows on the Toilet lay;
 Away the Kitten with them fled,
 As Fees belonging to her Prey.

For this Misfortune careless *Jane*,
 Assure yourself, was loudly rated;
 And Madam getting up again,
 With her own Hand the Mouse-trap baited.

On little Things, as Sages write,
 Depends our human Joy, or Sorrow;
 If we don't catch a Mouse To-night,
 Alas! no Eye-Brows for To-morrow.

On the Lady Essex, who was a Dutchwoman.

The bravest Hero, and the brightest Dame,
 From *Belgia's* happy Clime, *Britannia* drew;
 One pregnant Cloud, we find, does often frame
 The awful Thunder, and the gentle Dew.

Advice to a Poet.

Before *Apollo's* Shrine I pray'd,
 That I by Verse to Fame might rise:
 Read the best Poet, *Phæbus* said,
 And place his Works before your Eyes.

Best

Best Poet! oh! great *Phæbus*, how,
 How may this Pattern Wit be found?
 What Age produc'd the Man, whom thou,
 With this high Character hast crown'd.

Does he among the Dead reside,
 Or dwell with those who now survive;
 Thus *f*—when *Phæbus* quick reply'd;
 Go, ask if *Prior*'s still alive.

On the Dutcheſs of St Alban's.

The Line of *Vere*, ſo long renown'd in Arms,
 Concludes with Luſtre in St. *Alban*'s Charms;
 Her conqu'ring Eyes have made their Race complete;
 They roſe in Valour, and in Beauty ſet.

On a haſty Marriage.

Maſſied! 'tis well! a mighty Bleſſing!
 But poor's the Joy, no Coin poſſeſſing.
 In ancient Time, when Folk did wed,
 'Twas to be one at Board and Bed,
 But hard's his Caſe, who can't afford,
 His Charmer either Bed or Board.

A Dream.

I dream'd, that buried in my fellow Clay,
 Cloſe by a common Beggar's Side I lay,
 And, as ſo mean a Neighbour ſhock'd my Pride,
 Thus, like a Corps of Conſequence, I cry'd:
 Scoundrel, begone; and henceforth touch me not;
 More Manners learn, and at a Diſtance rot.
 How! Scoundrel! in a haughtier Tone, ſaid he;
 Proud Lump of Dirt! I ſcorn thy Words, and thee;
 Here all are equal; now thy Caſe is mine;
 This is my Rotting-place, and that is thine.

The Emperor Adrian's Verſes to his Soul, imitated.

Poor, little, pretty, flutt'ring Thing!
 Muſt we no longer live together?
 And doſt thou prune thy trembling Wing,
 To take thy Flight, the Lord knows whither?
 Thy

Thy hum'rous Vein, thy pleasing Folly,
 Lies all neglected, all forgot;
 And pensive, wav'ring Melancholy,
 Thou dread'st, and hop'st, thou know'st not
 what.

*Address'd to the Lady ***.*

See, see, she wakes! *Sabina* wakes!
 And now the Sun begins to rise!
 Less glorious is the Morn that breaks
 From his bright Beams, than her fair Eyes.

With Light united, Day, they give;
 But diff'rent Fates, ere Night fulfil;
 How many by his Warmth will live!
 How many will her Coldness kill!

The Lady's offering her Looking-Glass to Venus.

Venus! take my votive Glass;
 Since I am not what I was;
 What, from this Day, I shall be
Venus! let me never see.

*On a young Gentleman and his young Mother, who had
 each lost an Eye.*

Young *Acon* wants, *Lunilla* wants an Eye;
 Or either might with Gods in Beauty vie;
 Those Lamps, sweet Youth, which shine apart so
 fair,
 No longer with thy blooming Mother share;
 Oh! let thy Light adorn *Lunilla's* Brow;
 So shall she *Venus* be, blind *Cupid* thou.

What is Thought?

The Hermit's Solace in his Cell,
 The Fire that warms the Poet's Brain;
 The Lover's Heaven, or his Hell;
 The Mad-man's Sport, the Wise-man's Pain.

The

The Feather.

In *Florimel's* Arms as quite out of Breath,
 I'll kiss thee my Charmer, I'll kiss thee to Death;
 Cry'd *Thyrsis* in Raptures—but soon on her Breast,
 He sunk down his Head, and compos'd him to rest.
 Not long had they lain thus, unactive together,
 Ere the Wanton pluck'd forth from the Bolster a
 Feather,
 And grasping him hard, till he open'd his Eyes,
 In a Tone of Derision, the witty one cries—
 To prevent being kill'd in the Manner you said,
 I resolve with this Feather, to chop off your Head.

An Epitaph on Mr. FOOT,

Here lies one FOOT, whose Death may Thousands
 save;
 For Death has now ONE FOOT within the Grave.

The Scotch Weather-Wife.

Scotland, thy Weather's like a modish Wife;
 Thy Winds and Rains maintain perpetual Strife:
 So termagant, awhile her Thunder tries,
 And, when she can no longer scold—she cries.

*A French Gentleman dining with some Company on a
 Fast Day, called for some Bacon and Eggs. The rest
 were very angry, and reprov'd him for so heinous a
 Sin. Hereupon he wrote the following Lines.*

Who can believe with common Sense,
 A Bacon-slice gives God Offence!
 Or, how a Herring hath a Charm,
 Almighty Anger to disarm!
 Wrapt up in Majesty divine,
 Does he regard on what we dine?

*Upon Dean Swift leaving his Fortune to build an
 Hospital for Ideots.*

The Dean must die, vile Ideots to maintain;
 Perish, ye Ideots! -- and long live the Dean.

The

The Military Beaux.

'Tis said that the Soldiers so lazy are grown,
 With Luxury, Plenty, and Ease,
 That they more for their Carriage than Courage are
 known;
 And scarce know the Use of a Piece.

Let them say what they will, since it nobody galls,
 And exclaim out still louder and louder;
 For there ne'er was more Money expended in Balls;
 Or a greater Consumption of Powder.

The WISE LAWYER; or Fees on both Sides strict Justice.

Old Counsellor Double, well vers'd in the Laws.
 Can never consent to lose *Client* or *Cause*:
 Hence oft the wise Sage we at *Westminster* see
 On *each Side* retain'd, and on *each Side* take Fee.
 Yet say not, too rashly, he forfeits his *Troth*,
 To *neither* he's *false*, when he pleases 'em *both*.
 While *one* he will *charm* by his *strenuous Bawl*,
 He'll gain *t'other's* Cause, by not *speaking at all*.

On a Play-house Dispute at Westminster-Hall.

Players and Patentees at Law are hot,
 To know who are the Beggars, who are not,
 Ye mighty *Kings* and *Chieftains* of the *Stage*!
 On this great Point suspend awhile your Age:
 But one *Year* more at *Westminster* contend,
 And, faith, ye'll all be *Beggars* at the *End*.

To the Rev. Dr. L—, occasioned by his Sermon for the
 Support of the Charity Children at Tunbridge Wells,
 where the Collection was small.

In vain you show a happy Nation,
 The Gospel's gracious Dispensation;
 And plead, from thence, to bring up Youth
 To early Piety and Truth;
 To unattentive Ears you preach
 What Misery alone can teach.

'Tis

"Tis said, *Hibernia* boasts a Flood
 Famous for petrifying Wood;
Tunbridge, thy *min'ral Streams*, we know,
 A *stranger Transformation* show;
 Their dire Effects the Wretched feel,
 Thy *Waters* turn the *Heart* to *Steel*.

Another on the same Occasion.

So little given at *Chapel Door*!
 This People; doubtless, *must* be poor;
 So *much* at *Gaming* thrown away,
 No Nation sure so *rich* as they.
Britons! 'twere greatly for your Glory,
 Shou'd those who shall transmit your Story,
 Their Notions of your Grandeur frame,
 Not as you *give*, but as you *game*.

*On the KING'S STATUE placed on the Top of
 Bloomsbury-Steeple.*

The King of *Great Britain* was reckon'd before,
 The Head of the *Church* by all good Christian
 People;
 His Subjects of *Bloomsbury* have added one more
 To his Titles—and made him the Head of the
Steeple.

On the same.

At *Stock's-Market* and *Charing*
 No longer stand staring,
 But turn your Eyes this Way, good People,
 For a Man on a *Horse*
 Is a Matter in Course;
 But lo! here's a Man on a *Steeple*.

On an OPERA.

An *Op'ra* like a *Pillory*, may be said
 To nail our *Ears* down, but expose our Head.

On the Power of Music:

The Force of Music best is found,
When *Soul* subservient is to *Sound*.

Occasioned by a Report, that her Grace the Dutchess Dowager of Marlborough had offered a Reward of 500l to the Poet who should best exert his Genius in Honour of the late Duke her Husband.

Five hundred Pounds! too small a Boon
To put a Poet's Muse in Tune,
That nothing may escape her;
Shou'd she attempt th' heroick Story
Of the illustrious *Churchill's* Glory,
It scarce wou'd buy the Paper.

In Grantham Church-yard.

John Palfryman who lyeth here,
Was aged twenty-four Year;
And in this Place his Mother lies:
Also his Father, when he dies,

*Advice to Tom *****.*

Wou'd you to *Orcus's* Shades descend,
To be exempt from Care;
You need but *wench*, and *tipple* well,
And you will soon get there.

On a young Gentleman of good Parts, but a great Rake.

As *Fricus* Bawdy sung, and spoke,
Says *Biblio*, prithee hush!
Where is the Humour, where the Joke,
To show you cannot blush?

Another.

Nature has done her Part; do thou but thine;
Learning and Sense let Decency refine;
For vain Applause transgress not Virtue's Rules:
A witty Sinner is the worst of Fools.

The

The false PATRIOT.

Curse on that fordid Miser's Lust of Gold,
 By whom his Country's Interest is sold,
Auletes cries; and with a Patriot's Voice
 Declares, *or Liberty, or Death's my Choice*;
 But when *N——e* whispers in his Ear.
 Your Vote shall gain Two thousand Pounds a Year;
 With an obsequious Bow he thanks his Grace,
 And wonders how he cou'd mistake the Case.

On Mr. John Day.

Here lies the Body of *John Day*;
 What *young John*? no, no. *Old John*? Aye.

On Richard Button, Esq; who was interr'd in a Church near Salisbury.

Oh Sun! Moon! Stars! and ye celestial Poles!
 Are *Graves* then dwindled into *Button-holes*?

On a Man eating rotten Cheese.

Jack eating rotten Cheese, did say,
 Like *Sampson*, I my thousands slay;
 I vow, quoth *Roger*, so you do,
 And with the self-same Weapon too.

On a Lady's half-masking herself when she smil'd.

So when the Sun, with his meridian Light,
 Too fiercely darts upon our feeble Sight.
 We thank th' officious Cloud, by whose kind Aid
 We view his Glory lessen'd in a Shade.

On the LAUREAT. By Mr. P——.

In merry old *England* it once was a Rule,
 The King had his Poet, and also his Fool;
 But now we're so frugal, I'd have you to know it,
 That *C——r* can serve both for Fool and for Poet.

On

On a famous Physician call'd out of Church,
 While holy Pray'rs to Heaven were made,
 One soon was heard, and answer'd too,
Save us from sudden Death! was said,
 And strait from Church Sir *John* withdrew.

The Resignation.

My sickly Spouse, with many a Sigh,
 Oft tells me—*Billy*, I shall die:
 I griev'd; but recollected strait,
 —'Tis bootless—to contend with Fate;
 So resignation to Heaven's Will,
 —Prepar'd me for succeeding Ill:
 'Twas well it did; for on my Life,
 'Twas Heav'n's Will to spare my Wife.

*Saving Advice to Edmund Curl, on his late advertising
 a Third Volume of Letters.*

Curl! let me advise you, whatever betides,
 To let this third Volume alone;
 The second's sufficient for all our Backsides,
 So pray keep the third for your own.

A Friendly Contest.

While *Cam* and *Isis* their sad Tribute bring,
 Of rival Grief, to weep their pious King,
 The Bards of *Isis* half had been forgot,
 Had not the Sons of *Cam* in Pity wrote;
 From their learn'd Brothers they took off the Curse
 And prov'd their Verse not bad—by writing worse.

On a young Lady refusing to show her Hand.

No Argument cou'd *Celia* move,
 With strong Reluctance still she strove
 Her lovely Hand to hide:
 The Case is plain, she was afraid,
 That plac'd in view, it might be said
 'Twas by *her Hand* they dy'd.

On

On a F—t. By Dean Swift.

My Age is not a Moment's Stay;
 My Birth the same with my Decay;
 I favour ill; no Colour know;
 And fade, the Instant that I blow.

Design'd for the Monument of Sir Isaac Newton.

Approach, ye Wise of Soul! with Awe divine;
 'Tis *Newton's* Name that consecrates this Shrine!
 That Sun of Knowledge, whose meridian Ray
 Kindled the Gloom of Nature into Day!
 That Soul of Science! that unbounded Mind!
 That Genius which exalted human Kind!
 Confess'd supreme of Men! his Country's Pride!
 And half-esteem'd an Angel, 'till he dy'd;
 Who in the Eye of Heav'n, like *Enoch* stood,
 And thro' the Path's of Knowledge, walk'd with
 God;
 Who made his Fame a Sea without a Shore,
 And but forsook one World, to know the Laws
 of more.

Epitaph on a Miser.

Beneath this verdant Hillock lies
Demur, the Wealthy and the Wise.
 His Heirs, that he may safely rest,
 Have put his Carcase in a Chest;
 The very Chest, in which, they say,
 His other Self, his Money, lay,
 And if his Heirs continue kind,
 To that dear Self he left behind,
 I dare believe, that four in five
 Will think his better half alive.

Epitaph on the much lamented Death of Mr. William Wells, Master of the Bear-Garden at Marybone.

Shed, O ye Combatants! a Flood of Tears;
 Howl, all ye Dogs! roar, all ye Bulls and Bears!

G

Ye

Ye Butchers weep; for you, no doubt, are Grievors,
And found his Loss with Marrow-bones and Cleavers;
Wells is no more—yet Death hath been so kind,
That he hath left his Bulls and Bears behind.

To a Lady, stung by a Bee.

To heal the Wound a Bee had made
Upon my *Delia's* Face,
Its Honey to the Part she laid,
And bid me kiss the Place.

Pleas'd, I obey'd, and from the Wound
Suck'd both the Sweet and Smart;
The Honey on my Lips I found,
The Sting went thro' my Heart.

The Balance of Europe.

Now *Europe's* balanc'd, neither Side prevails;
For nothing's left in either of the Scales.

True Riches.

Iris, tho' wanting Gold and Lands,
Lives chearful, easy, and content;
Corvus, unblest'd, with twenty Hands
Employ'd to count his Rent.

Sages of *Lombard*; tell me which
Of these you think possesses more?
One with his Poverty is rich,
And one with all his Wealth is poor.

*To the Lady ***.*

Long did great *Jove* the weighty Point debate,
Uncertain, Nymph or Goddess to create.
Irresolute, he cry'd, What must be done!
We'll form a Nymph and Goddess both in one:
But from what Pattern of celestial Race
The Features of her heavenly Part to trace?
Shall lovely *Venus* to the Picture fit?
Or shall we copy *Pallas'* Mien and Wit?

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Still unresolv'd, thus to the heavenly Maid,
 As from his Hand she rose, Be both at once, he said;
 Hence both in thy lov'd Composition meet,
 As *Pallas* graceful, and as *Venus* sweet.

Written in a Lady's Milton.

With Virtue strong as your's had *Eve* been arm'd,
 In vain the Fruit had blush'd, or Serpent charm'd;
 Nor had our Bliss by Penitence been bought,
 Nor had frail *Adam* fell, nor *Milton* wrote.

To the KING, on his Navy.

Shou'd Nature's Self invade the World again,
 And o'er the Center spread the liquid Main,
 Thy Pow'r were safe, and her destructive Hand
 Wou'd but enlarge the Bounds of thy Command;
 Thy dreadful Fleet wou'd style thee *Lord of all*,
 And rise in Triumph o'er the drowned Ball;
 Those Tow'rs of Oak o'er fertile Plains might go,
 And visit Mountains where they once did grow.

Epitaph on a Miser married to a Goquette.

Here resteth *John*, 'midst other Clay,
 Who heap'd up Riches every Day,
 And never gave one Doit away;
 Parted with nothing all his Life,
 But what in common was—his Wife.

On a profuse Duke and Sir John Cutler.

His Grace's Fate, sage *Cutler* cou'd foresee,
 And well, he thought, advis'd him, "Live like me."
 As well his Grace reply'd, "Like-you, Sir *John*!
 "That I can do, when all I have is gone."
 Resolve me, Reason, which of these is worse,
 Want with a full, or with an empty Purse?

On the Death of an Undertaker.

Subdued by Death, here Death's great Herald lies,
 And adds a Trophy to his Victories;

Yet sure he was prepar'd who, while he'd Breath,
Made it his Business still to look for Death.

The Nonpareil.

Early this Morn, a Time to Muses kind,
Willing to draw one Woman to my Mind,
Wife without Pride, without Coquetting fair,
Chaste as the unblown Rose, yet free as Air;
In Language easy, and in Temper sweet,
And moderately learn'd, and simply great;
Who ne'er one Step from Virtue's Paths had trod,
True to her Friend, but truer to her GOD.
—But, when I on the Picture thought, I cry'd,
No such can be, and flung my Pen aside.
My Muse then kindly whisper'd, *Such can be*,
Bade me *Clarinda* write——and that was she.

Beauty too dazzling.

Dorinda's sparkling Wit and Eyes,
Uniting, cast too fierce a Light,
Which blazes high, but quickly dies,
Pains not the Heart, but hurts the Sight.

Love is a calmer, gentler Joy,
Smooth as his Looks, and soft his Pace;
Her *Cupid* is a Black-guard Boy,
That runs his Link full in my Face.

Sir Toby's Journey.

As Sir *Toby* reel'd homé, with his Skin full of Wine,
To his House in the Square, from his Friends at the
Vine,
He snuff'd the fresh Air, and his Noddle turn'd round;
He stagger'd,——but gain'd not an Inch of his
Ground;
Get home! quoth the Knight; why, this ne'er
can do,
If for one Step gain'd forward, I backward reel two:
I'll return to the *Vine*.——So, as one may suppose,
Sir *Toby* intended to follow his Nose.

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But this retrogade Knight ne'er alter'd his Pace,
And, gaining Ground backwards, found out the
right Place:

That Sot's Mathematics at length did prevail,
And Sir *Toby* steer'd home by the Help of his Tail.

On Wit.

True Wit is like the brilliant stone,
Dug from the *Indian* Mine;
Which boast two various Pow'rs in one,
To cut as well as shine.

Genius like that, if polish'd right,
With the same Gift abounds,
Appears at once both keen and bright,
And sparkles while it wounds.

On a Shadow.

The Sun now clear, serene the golden Skies,
Where e'er you go, as fast the Shadow flies;
A Cloud succeeds: The Sunshine now is o'er,
The fleeting Phantom fled, is seen no more.
With your bright Day, its Progress too does end;
See here, vain Man! the Picture of your Friend.

On a stingy Beau.

Curio's rich Side-board seldom sees the Light,
Clean is his Kitchen, and his Spits are bright;
His Knives and Forks, all rang'd in even Rows,
No Hands molest, or Fingers interpose;
A curious Jack, hung up to please the Eye,
For ever still; whose Flyers never fly;
His Plates unsoiled, shining on the Shelf;
For *Curio* dresses nothing, but himself.

On the Achievement over the Door of ———

The Coat exactly with his Manners suits:
How near a kin the Master and the Brutes;
His Qualities were ne'er so well express'd,
Wolves his Supporters, and a Bear his Crest.

The Question answer'd.

Why is a handsome Wife ador'd
 By every Coxcomb, but her Lord?
 From yonder Puppet-man enquire,
 Who wisely hides his Wood and Wire:
 Shews *Sheba's* Queen completely drest,
 And *Solomon* in royal Vest;
 But view them litter'd on the Floor,
 Or strung on Pegs behind the Door,
Punch is exactly of a Piece
 With *Lorrain's* Duke or Prince of Greece.

On Cold.

'The *Latin* Word for cold, one ask'd his Friend;
 It is, said he, — 'tis at my finger's end.

On a bad Painter.

Fabius, you say, is much inclin'd
 Each Cheek with too much red to fill;
 His Pieces only blush to find
 The Painter draws their Looks so ill.

On the Derivation of the Word News.

The Word explains itself without the Muse,
 And the four Letters speak from whence comes *News*,
 From *North, East, West, South*, the Solution's made,
 Each Quarter gives Accounts of War and Trade.

Hope and Fear.

Who has the better Game still fears the End,
 Who has the worse, still hopes his Game will mend.

*On Mr. Budgell's Proposal of publishing an accurate
 Translation of a Book, which had been already trans-
 lated.*

Dulness, good Goddess, chanc'd to see,
 The Product of a *Bel Esprit*;

Which

Which clearly does the Causes mention;
Of *Roman Grandeur and Declension*,
Penn'd in pure *French* so very sprightly,
She judg'd 'twou'd take, and judg'd it rightly.

Quoth she, so much I hate this Nation,
I'll damn this Author in Translation,
Then, to concert her Purpose well,
She hast'ned to *Oblivion's Cell*;
And found her moping over *Tindal*,
For she reads all, who e'er have been dull.

Sister, said she, you must befriend me,
And some *spare Blockhead* quickly lend me;
Lay by that old Religion-hater,
And let him have your *worst Translator*;
Some drudging Foe to Wit and Merit,
Most fit to damp an Author's Spirit.

Oblivion, smiling, cry'd, I have
The *Flow'r of Dunces* in my Cave,
And one, who I can safely swear,
Will suit your Purpose to a Hair;
He is your Darling, or I judge ill;
Here—*Humdrums*—call your Brother *Budgell*

On some Authors honour'd by her Majesty.

When Virtue reigns, to Liberty a Friend,
Men read with Judgment, and with Taste commend,
Fond to be wise, ambitious, some explore
Newton's amazing Depths, untry'd before,
And dig with Pleasure in so rich an Ore;
Woolston instructs an unattentive Age,
And teaches Virtue in familiar Page.
By *Locke* assisted, the enquiring few,
The darker Parts of Reason dare pursue,
And e'er they judge on every Side they view:
They know Imposture in a shrewd Disguise,
And owe to *Locke*, that reading makes them wise.
When some forbidden Heights advent'rous try,
And, self-sufficient into Nature pry,

Chastis'd by *Clarke* their thoughtless Pride must yield,
And each deceiving Cavil quit the Field,
While Words like his prevailing Light convey,
Their glimmering Sense improves to perfect Day.

On a fine House built by a Lawyer.

The Lawyer's House if I have rightly read;
Is built upon the Fool and Madman's Head.

On Characters.

When Death puts out our *Flame* the Snuff will tell,
If we were *Wax* or *Tallow* by the Smell.

*A REFLECTION on seeing a Man loaded with two
Sacks at one Time, and an Oaken-bough in his Hat
on the 29th of MAY.*

Poor Fellow, what hast thou to do,
With KING, or RESTORATION?
'Twill make no difference with you,
Whoever rules the NATION.

Still must thy Neck support the Load,
Still earn thy *Bread* with *Toil*;
Still must thou pace the self-same *Road*,
And *Great Ones* share the *Spoil*.

The *As*s may carry Brooms, or Men,
Just at his Master's Will:
But let him change and change again,
His Lot's a Burthen still.

Still *Ministers* will Tyrannize,
And *Courtiers* still be *Knaves*;
Sharps on *Sharps* shall arise,
And keep thy Grandsons Slaves.

Still *Governments* have been the same,
The same will ever be;
Ev'n *KINGS* are nothing but a Name,
And so is *LIBERTY*.

On

On Love.

The shaken Tree grows faster at the Root;
And *Love* grows firmer from some Blasts of Doubt.

On a fine Library.

With Eyes of Wonder the gay Shelves behold;
Poets, all Rags alive, now clad in Gold.
In Life and Death, one common Fate they Share,
And on their Backs still all their Riches wear.

*To the Lady T—nk—lle, on her reading Sherlock
on Death. By the E— of Ch—.*

Mistaken Fair! lay *Sherlock* by,
His Doctrine is deceiving;
For whilst he teaches us to die,
He cheats us of our Living.

To die's a Lesson we shall know,
Too soon without a Master;
Then let us only study now
How we may live the faster.

To live's to love; to blest, be blest'd
With mutual Inclination;
Share then my Ardour in your Breast,
And kindly meet my Passion.

But, if thus blest'd, I may not live,
And Pity you deny,
To me at least your *Sherlock* give,
'Tis I must learn to die.

*On the Lady ***.*

What do Scholars and Bards, and Philosophers wife,
Mean by stuffing one's Head with such Nonsense and
Lies!

By telling us *Venus* must always appear
In a Car, or a Shell, or a twinkling Star!

Drawn by Sparrows, or Swans, or Dolphins, or
Doves,
And attended in Form, by the Graces and Loves !
That Ambrosia and Nectar is all she will taste ;
And a Passport to Hearts, is a Belt to her Waist !

Without all this Trouble, I saw the bright Dame ;
To Supper last Night to *Pultney's* she came,
In a good warm Sedan ; no fine open Car ;
Two Chairmen her Doves, and a Flambeau her Star :
No Nectar she drank, no Ambrosia she eat,
Her Cup was plain Claret, and Chicken her Meat.
Nor wanted she Cestus her Bosom to grace,
For *Richmond* that Night had lent her, her Face.

*On George Faulkener's promising to have the Dean of
St. Patrick's Effigies prefix'd to the new Edition of his
Works, from a Copper Plate done by Mr. Vertue.*

In a little dark Room, at the Back of his Shop,
Where Poets and Criticks have din'd on a Chop,
Poor *Faulk'ner* sat musing alone thus of late :
" Two Volumes are done—It is Time for the Plate.
" Yes Time to be sure—But on whom shall I call,
" To express the great *Swift* in a Compass so small ?
" Faith, *Vertue* shall do it—I'm pleas'd at the
" Thought ;
" Be the Cost what it will, the Copper is bought."
Abollo o'erheard, who as some People guess,
Had a Hand in the Work, and corrected the Press,
And pleas'd, he replied, " Honest *George*, you are
" right,
" This Thought was my own, howsoe'er you came
" by't ;
" For, tho' both the Wit and the Style is my Gift,
" 'Tis *Vertue* alone can design us a *Swift*.

On her late Majesty in her Grotto.

Not more by Ensigns, than select Abode,
Distinguish'd are each Goddess, and each God.
In *Paphos* Isle doth *Cytherea* dwell ;
Neptune and *Thetis* in their watry Cell ;

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High on *Olympus* Top fits scepter'd *Jove*,
And *Britain's Pallas* in her green Alcove.

Upon a Lady's writing in Characters.

Belinda sighs for *Strepson*, and wou'd show it,
By writing thus, that none but he may know it :
So while in *Characters* she tells her Mind,
Love makes not him, or her, but others blind.

Sent in a Snuff-Box.

Think, and some useful Lessons 'twill impart,
That when you open it, you ope my Heart ;
Think, when you see this Present from your Lover,
Your Self's the *Bottom*, and that I'm the *Cover*.

Dryden's Epitaph on the Lady Whitmore.

Fair, kind, and true, a Treasure each alone ;
A Wife, a Mistress, and a Friend in one ;
Rest in this Tomb, rais'd at thy Husband's Cost,
Here sadly summing what he had, and lost.

Come, Virgins, ere in equal Bands you join,
Come first and offer at her sacred Shrine ;
Pray but for half the Virtues of this Wife,
Compound for all the rest with longer Life,
And wish your Vows like her's may be return'd,
So lov'd when living, and when dead so mourn'd.

On Sin.

Formio bewails his Sins with the same Heart
As Friends do Friends, when they're about to part.
Believe it *Formio* will not entertain
One merry Thought until they meet again.

On Treason.

Treason does never prosper ; what's the Reason ?
Why, if it prospers, none dare call it Treason.

On

On Mr. Air.

This polish'd Stone of Marble fair,
Includes the Corpse of *Gervase Air* :
Methinks 'tis a surprizing Death,
That *Air* shou'd die for want of Breath.

Encouragement to young Authors.

An Author young, who pants for Fame,
Begins the World with Fear and Shame,
When first in Print, you see him dread
Each Pop-Gun levell'd at his Head ;
The Lead yon Critick's Quill contains,
Is destin'd to beat out his Brains ;
As if he heard loud Thunders roll,
Cries, Lord have Mercy on my Soul !
Concluding, that another Shot,
Will strike him dead upon the Spot.
But when with squibbing, flashing, popping,
He cannot see one Creature dropping ;
That missing Fire, or missing Aim,
His Life is safe, I mean his Fame :
The Danger past, takes Heart of Grace,
And looks a Critick in the Face.

The Laurel. Address'd to Mr. C—.

What diff'rent Effects does the Laurel produce ?
In its Bough there is Honour, but Death in its Juice ;
And since C—b—r has now brought its Honour so
low,
He shou'd taste of the Juice, for abusing the Bough.

On Chloe.

When first I gaz'd on *Chloe's* Face,
And saw each killing Eye ;
I thought 'twas Heav'n—and so it was :
But not for such as I.

On Mr. Congreve.

Dan Congreve spent in writing Plays,
And one poor Office half his Days ;

While

While *Montagu*, who claim'd the Station;
 To be *Mecænas* of the Nation;
 For Poets open Table kept,
 And ne'er consider'd where they slept;
 Himself as rich as fifty *Jews*
 Was easy, tho' they wanted Shoes;
 And crazy *Congreve*, scarce cou'd spare
 A Shilling to discharge his Chair;
 Till Prudence taught him to appeal
 For *Pæans* Fire to Party-zeal;
 Not owing to his happy Vein
 The Fortunes of his latter Scene;
 Took proper Principles to thrive,
 And so might every Dunce alive.

On Dress.

He who a *Goldfinch* strives to make his Wife,
 Makes her, perhaps, a *Wagtail* all her Life.

On the Funeral of Vulture Hopkins.

What num'rous Lights this Wretch's Corps attend,
 Who, in his Life-time, sav'd a Candle's End.

The World.

This World is the best that we live in,
 To lend, and to spend, and to give in:
 But, to borrow, or beg, or get a Man's own,
 It is the worst World that ever was known.

From Martial.

Thy grave Demureness pleases me,
 Mixt with well-tim'd Delight;
 All Day thou may'st *Lucretia* be,
 But *Lais* be at Night.

The Friendship of Sir Edward —.

Thus with kind Words, Sir *Edward* cheer'd his
 Friend,
 Dear *Dick*! thou on my Friendship may'st depend;
 I know

I know thy Fortune is but very scant,
 But, be assur'd, I'll ne'er see thee in Want.
Dick's soon confin'd — His Friend, no doubt, wou'd
 free him,
 — His Word he kept — In Want he ne'er wou'd see
 him.

On an old Scold.

Scylla is toothless, yet when she was young,
 She had both Teeth enough, and too much Tongue;
 What shall we then of toothless *Scylla* say?
 But that her Tongue has sworn her Teeth away.

On Legacies.

They who in Life oppress, and then bequeath
 Their Goods to pious Uses at their Death;
 Are like those Drunkards, who, when laid asleep,
 Disgorge the Liquor which they cannot keep.

On infamous Men in Power.

When Men of Infamy to Grandeur soar,
 They light a Torch, to show their Shame the more.

On Repentance.

'Tis not to cry out Mercy, or to sit
 And droop, or to confess that thou hast fail'd,
 'Tis to bewail the Sins thou didst commit,
 And not commit those Sins thou hast bewail'd;
 He that bewails, and not forsakes them too,
 Confesses rather, what he means to do.

The contented Farmer.

I eat, drink, and sleep, and do what I please:
 The KING at St. *James's* can only do these.

On buying a Bible.

'Tis but a Folly to rejoice or boast,
 How small a Price thy well-bought Purchase cost.
 Until

Untill thy Death, thou shalt not fully know,
Whether it was a Pennyworth or no;
And, at that Time, believe me, 'twill appear
Extremely cheap, or else extremely dear.

Advice to the Poets.

How shall we please this Age? If in a Song
We put above six Lines, they count it long;
If we contract it to an Epigram,
As deep the dwarfish Poetry they damn:
If we write Plays, few see above an Act,
And *those* lewd Masks, or noisy Fops distract.
Let us write Satire then, and, at our Ease,
Vex the ill-natur'd Fools we cannot please.

On Nature.

Nature a *thousand Ways* complains,
A thousand Words express her Pains;
But for her *Laughter* has but three,
And very small ones, *Ha, Ha, He.*

*On a Man who usually promis'd more than he cou'd
perform.*

When you promise, Friend *Tom*, you shou'd always
take Care,
Not give the *Bear-skin* till you've taken the *Bear*.

*Wrote on the Collar of a Dog, belonging to the
PRINCE at KEW.*

I am the Prince's Dog at *Kew*,
Pray tell me, Sir, whose Dog are you?

On a noted Blacksmith.

My Sledge and Hammer lie reclin'd,
My Bellows too have lost their Wind;
My Fire's extinct, my Forge decay'd,
And in the Dust my Vice is laid;
My Coal is spent, my Iron's gone,
My Nails are drove, my Work is done.

On

On Sir John Fry.

Here lies the Body of Sir *John Fry*,
Oh! oh! does he so? There let him lie.

*On a surly Victualler, Master of the Red-Lion Inn,
at a certain Place near Shaftesbury.*

When a Man to the Town for a Show brings a Lion,
'Tis usual a Monkey the Sign-post to tie on;
But here the old Custom inverted is seen,
For the Lion's without and the Monkey within.

Epitaph on Shakespear.

Extracted from his Play of the Tempest.

The cloud-capt Towers,
The gorgeous Palaces,
The solemn Temples,
The great Globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherits,
Shall dissolve;

And like the baseless Fabric of a Vision
Leave not a Wreck behind.

*On Mr. Elijah Fenton, at Easthamstead, in
Berks, 1730.*

This modest Stone, what few vain Marbles can,
May truly say, *Here lies an honest Man.*
A Poet bless'd beyond the Poet's Fate,
Whom Heav'n kept sacred from the proud and great.
Foe to loud Praise, and Friend to learned Ease,
Content with Science in the Vale of Peace,
Calmly he look'd on either Life, and *here*
Saw nothing to regret, or *there* to fear.
From Nature's temp'rate Feast rose satisfy'd
Thank'd Heaven that he'd liv'd, and that he dy'd.

On Mr. Gay.

Of Manners gentle, of Affections mild,
In Wit a Man; Simplicity, a Child;

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With native Humour, temp'ring virtuous Rage,
 Form'd to delight at once, and last the Age,
 Above Temptation, in a low Estate,
 And uncorrupted ev'n among the Great!
 A safe Companion, and an easy Friend,
 Unblam'd thro' Life, lamented in thy End;
 These are thy Honours! not that here thy Bust,
 Is mix'd with Heroes, or with Kings thy Dust;
 But that the Worthy and the Good shall say,
 Striking their pensive Bosoms—Here lies GAY.

Written in a young Lady's Almanack.

Think, bright *Florella*, when you see
 The constant Changes of the Year,
 That nothing is from Ruin free,
 And gayest Things must disappear.

Think of your Glories in their Bloom,
 The Spring of sprightly Youth improve,
 For cruel Age, alas! will come,
 And then 'twill be too late to love.

On the Loss of Time.

Ticio stands gazing for the clouded Sun,
 To be inform'd how fast his Hours shall run,
 Ah! foolish *Ticio*, art thou found in Mind,
 To lose by seeking, what thou seek'st to find?

On Chloe's Picture.

When *Chloe's* Picture was to *Chloe* shewn,
 Adorn'd with Charms and Beauty, not her own,
 Where *Hogarth*, pitying Nature, kindly made
 Such Lips, such Eyes, as *Chloe* never had;
 Ye Gods! she cries, in Extasy of Heart,
 How near can Nature be express'd by Art!
 Well! it is wond'rous like! nay, let me die,
 The very pouting Lip—the killing Eye!
 Blunt and severe as *Manly* in the Play,
 Downright replies; like Madam, do you say?
 The Picture bears this Likeness, it is true,
 The Canvass painted is, and so are you.

On

On the Law.

Unhappy *Chremes*, Neighbour to a Peer,
 Kept half his Sheep, and fatted half his Deer;
 Each Day his Gates thrown down, his Fences broke,
 And injur'd still the more, the more he spoke,
 At last resolv'd his potent Foe to awe,
 And guard his Right, by Statute, and by Law;
 A Suit in *Chancery* the Wretch begun,
 Nine happy Terms thro' Bill and Answer run,
 Obtain'd his Cause, had Costs, and was undone. }

On the Invention of Letters. From the French.

The noble Art, from *Cadmus* took its Rise,
 Of painting Words, and speaking to the Eyes;
 He first in wond'rous magic Fetters bound
 The airy Voice, and stopp'd the flying Sound;
 The various Figures by his Pencil wrought,
 Gave Colour, and a Body to the Thought.

To Chloe weeping.

See, whilst thou weep'st, fair *Chloe* see
 The World in Sympathy with thee;
 The chearful Birds no longer sing:
 Each droops his Head, and hangs his Wing:
 The Clouds have bent their Bosom lower:
 And shed their Sorrows in a Shower.
 The Brooks beyond their Limits flow,
 And louder Murmurs speak their Woe.
 The Nymphs and Swains adopt thy Cares;
 They leave thy Sighs, and weep thy Tears.
 Fantastick Nymph! that Grief shall move
 Thy Heart, obdurate against Love:
 Strange Tears! whose Pow'r can soften all,
 But that dear Breast on which they fall.

A Butcher marrying a Tanner's Daughter.

A fitter Match then this cou'd not have been,
 For now the Flesh is married to the Skin.

On

On a young Lady just married to a Clergyman.

The Gods assembled in Debate
About *Amelia's* nuptial State,
A Gift so glorious, good, and great,
To whom they shou'd assign;
Unanimously did agree,
That one so like themselves, wou'd be
Ill-suited to Mortality,
So gave her a *Divine*.

The Sportsman's Prayer to Cupid.

Cupid! make your Virgins tender,
Make them easy to be won;
Let them presently surrender,
When the Siege is once begun.

Such as like a tedious Wooing,
Let them cruel Damsels find;
Give me such as wou'd be doing;
Prithee, *Cupid*, make them kind.

On Mrs. Justice, convicted of Shoplifting.

In Life with what surprizing Turns we meet?
E'en *Justice* is become an arrant Cheat.
Alas! who Honesty herself will trust,
Or Truth believe — when *Justice* is unjust!

Epitaph on a beautiful and virtuous young Lady.

Sleep soft in Dust, wait the Almighty's Will;
Then rise unchang'd, and be an Angel still.

L I F E.

Man, by Necessity compell'd, must go
O'er Rocks of Perils, and thro' Vales of Woe:
Man with the Morn begins his destin'd Race,
Joy in his Eye, and Pleasure in his Face;
But oh! what Rubs attend his setting Days!
His Sinews slacken, and his Strength decays;

His

His Limbs all ake, with hourly Toil oppress'd,
 'Till wish'd-for Night restores him peaceful Rest:
 Thus Man for ever labours and decays,
 Counting his few, and those uneasy Days.
 He scarce a Minute glories in his Bloom:
 So harth is Death's inexorable Doom!
 So nigh, alas! the Cradle and the Tomb!

Words are Wind.

If Words are but Wind, as some allow,
 No Promises can bind;
 For breaking of the strictest Vow,
 Is only breaking Wind.

On the Death of Dean Swift.

When *Gay* breath'd his last, we in Silence complain'd;
 For yet we'd a *Pope* and a *Swift* that remain'd:
Pope falls—All *Parnassus* resounds with our Cries,
 And our Prayers ascend, to keep *Swift* from the Skies.
 Vain Wishes! vain Prayers! to the Wind they are
 given;
 For Death comes-relentless, and takes him to Heaven.
 At little Misfortunes we're soberly sad,
 But it's Time, now we've lost all our Wits—to run
 mad.

Inscription on a Clock in Yorkshire.

I serve the here, with all my Might,
 To tell the Hours by Day, by Night;
 Therefore Example take by me,
 And serve thy GOD as I serve thee.

*On a Gentleman who mistook a kept Madam for a
 Lady of Fashion.*

Six tedious Months young *Damon* sigh'd,
 In vain his amorous Tale!
 He su'd, implor'd—*Clo* still deny'd;
 No Efforts cou'd prevail.

At

At length he try'd the Pow'r of Gold—
 She soon to chide forgot;
 The Fair One was no longer cold,
 But prov'd—alas! too hot.

On a young Lady.

The vainly anxious *Myra* leaves
 To passive Judges her Complaints;
 Her Cause wou'd awe them, were they Knaves;
 Her Eyes wou'd bribe them, were they Saints.

The Beau.

As *Ovid* sings, a Beau of old admir'd
 A Shade, and for the empty Form expir'd:
 Love's God, relenting of his killing Pow'r,
 Gave him the Life that animates a Flow'r.
 Hence future Beaux, so Love ordain'd, are made
 Gay as a Flow'r but empty as a Shade.

The Dimple.

Sylvia the young, the fair, the gay,
 A verdant Bow'r inclos'd;
 The little Wanton, tir'd with Play,
 In downy Sleep repos'd.

A Bloom, so like the Peach's Hue,
 Her glowing Cheeks express'd,
 A Bird, eluded, eager flew
 And seiz'd the luscious Feast.

Ah! lucky Spoil, tho' rude th' Alarm,
 And *Sylvia* weeping rose,
 Since to the Wound its smiling Form,
 That killing *Dimple* owes.

The Question.

The Earth doth all its various Fruits supply
 With dropping Rain, from yon high azure Sky;
 The Sun and Air suck up the swelling Tide,
 And the pale Moon by wat'ry *Sol's* supply'd;

Then

Then why, my boon Companions of the Bowl,
Am I forbid to quench my thirsty Soul?

On a young Lady playing on the Harpsichord.

Tho' *Orpheus*, ancient Poets say,
In Music so improv'd,
So sweetly on the Harp cou'd play,
That Woods and Stones he mov'd:

Yet, cou'd he hear, who's dead and gone,
Thee, charming Syren, play,
He wou'd thy Music sweeter own,
And throw his Harp away.

Thy Notes, fair Maid, wou'd Brutes controul,
Can heav'nly Joy inspire;
They with strong Rapture fill the Soul,
And set each Heart on Fire.

The O A K.

From a small Acorn see the Oak arise,
Supremely tall, and tow'ring in the Skies!
Queen of the Groves, her stately Head she rears,
Her Bulk increasing with the Length of Years:
Now plows the Sea, a warlike gallant Ship!
Whilst in her Womb destructive Thunders sleep!
Hence *Britain* boasts her wide extensive Reign,
And by th' expanded Acorn rules the Main.

*To the incomparable Miss. ****

Grace is in your Steps and Mien,
You like a Goddess move;
In all your Gestures there is seen
Both Dignity and Love.

Love steals Artill'ry from your Eyes,
The Graces paint your Charms;
Orpheus is rivall'd in your Voice,
And *Venus* in your Arms.

Written

Written on the Ivory Leaves of a Lady's Pocket-Book.

How blest'd! cou'd I in *Chloe's* Heart,
 As in this Book, inscribe her Name!
 But wretched still, if there, as here,
 Another Fool might do the same.

Blenheim-House.

See, Sirs, see here the grand Approach!
 This Way is for his Grace's Coach!
 There is the Bridge, and there the Clock!
 Observe the Lyon, and the Cock!
 The spacious Court! the Colonnade!
 And mark how wide the Hall is made!
 The Chimnies are so well design'd,
 They *never smoke* in any Wind.
 The Gallery's contriv'd to walk in;
 The Windows to retire and talk in;
 The Council-chamber for Debate;
 And all the rest are Rooms of State.

Thanks, Sirs, cry'd I—'tis very fine;—
 But where d'ye sleep? or where d'ye dine?
 I find; by all you have been telling,
 That 'tis a House, but not to dwell in.

*To the incomparable Miss ***.*

As with a Friend on Sunday last,
 I tript along the Mall;
 Snigg'ring at each powder'd Beau,
 And gazing at each Belle:

A sudden Buz ran thro' the Croud,
 With "There! that's she in Green;"
 I cou'd not, for my Soul, devise
 What all the Noise did mean.

At length advancing farther on,
 Where still the Hum increas'd,
 I saw you, lovely Maid—I did,
 And then my Wonder ceas'd.

On an Epigram.

One Day in *Chelsea* Fields a walking,
 Of Poetry and such Things talking,
 Says *Ralph*, a merry Wag,
 An *Epigram*, if smart and good,
 In all its Circumstances shou'd
 Be like a *Jelly-Bag*.

The Simile, 'ifaith, is new,
 But how can'st make it out? says *Hugh*?
 Quo' *Ralph*, I'll tell thee, Friend;
 Make it at Top both wide and fit
 To hold a Budget-full of Wit;
 And point it at the End.

Another on the same.

See! with what Virtue Wit is fraught!
 Its Poignancy admire!
 Which, by contracting Flights of Thought,
 Can set the Soul on Fire.

So Convex Glasses, made complete,
 Contract the Rays of Light,
 Which, when apart, yield little Heat;
 But burn when they unite.

The Modern Traveller.

From the grand Tour, thro' *Paris*, *Florence*, *Rome*,
 The travell'd Youth returns accomplish'd home:
 Learn'd in each *Gout*, and vers'd in ev'ry Fashion,
 He comes to teach, and to adorn the Nation.
 With smartest *Airs* he sparkles thro' the Town,
 And views with Scorn the Academic Clown.
 A modern Wit, extreemly read in *French*,
 Can sing, and dance, and dress, and swear, and
 wench:
 Accomplishments like his demand Esteem;
 He knows the World,—ay, and the World knows
 him.

*On seeing the Ladies at Crux-Euston walk in the
Woods by the Grotto.*

Extempore. By Mr. Pope.

Authors the World and their dull Brains have trac'd,
To fix the Ground where Paradise was plac'd.
Mind not their learned Whims and idle Talk,
Here, here's the Place where these bright Angels
walk.

On the Death of Mr. Pope.

Arise, ye glimmering Stars of Wit;
For lo! the Sun of Verse is set.

Inscription on a Grotto, the Work of nine Ladies.

By Mr. Pope.

Here, shunning Idleness at once and Praise,
This radiant Pile nine rural Sisters raise;
The glittering Emblem of each matchless Dame,
Clean as her Soul, and spotless as her Fame;
Beauties which Nature only can impart,
And such a Polish, as disgraceth Art;
But Fate dispos'd them in this humble Sort,
And hid in Desarts what wou'd charm a Court.

On a late Sermon against National Depravity.

While his Lordship, with Ardour becoming his
Station,
Inveighs at the Folly and Vice of the Nation;
But the Sins of the *Clergy* forbears to discover,
And those of the *Rich*, complaisantly looks over;
One wou'd swear that the *former* were canoniz'd
Saints,
And the *latter* lay under no sort of Restraints.

On Peter White.

Peter White will ne'er go right;
Wou'd you know the Reason why,
Where'er he goes he follows his Nose,
And that stands all awry.

H

On

On Colonel G——, a great Drinker.

Here, kill'd by Claret, Colonel G—— doth lie,
Who while he liv'd ne'er suffer'd that to die.

*On a Copy of Verses wrote on the Queen's Death.
By Mr. Paul W——.*

Once *Felix* said (which was full bad)
Much Learning made thy Name-sake mad;
But ne'er mind, *Paul*, thy Verses show it,
Learning in thee will never do it.

Intended for the Tomb of Sir John Vanburgh.

Lay heavy on him Earth; for he
Laid many a heavy Load on thee.

Inscrib'd to Lord Chesterfield.

Nature and *Fortune*, on a Day,
To pass an Hour or two,
In frolick Mood agreed to play,
At, What shall this Man do?

Come, I'll be Judge, then *Fortune* cries,
And therefore must be blind;
Then whip'd a Napkin round her Eyes,
And ty'd it fast behind.

Nature had now prepar'd her List
Of Names on Scraps of Leather;
Which done, she gave to each a Twist,
And hustled them together.

Thus mix'd, which ever came to Hand
She very surely drew;
Then bade her Sister give Command,
For what that Man shou'd do.

'Twou'd almost burst one's Sides to hear
What odd Commands she gave;
That *Gibber* shou'd the Laurel wear,
And C—— an Army have.

At

At length, when *Stanhope's* Name was come,
 Dame *Nature* smil'd, and cry'd,
 Now tell me, Sister, this Man's Doom,
 And what shall him betide?

This Man, says *Fortune*, shall be one
 Blest both by you and me;
 Nay then, quoth *Nature*, let's have done
 Sister, I'm sure you see.

An EPIGRAM on two spiteful Brothers. By Lawrence Nabbs of WIGAN.

With sobbing Voice, upon his Death-bed sick,
 Thus to his Brother spake expiring *Dick*:
 "Tho', during—all my Life—in Poverty,—
 "Thou never,—*Neddy*, shew'dst—Concern for
 "me—
 "I hope, thou wilt—take care,—when I am
 "dead,—
 "To see me buried." "That I will," quoth *Ned*,
 "We'll lay thee deep enough, *Dick*, never fear,
 "Thou shalt no longer be a Nuisance here:
 "And, as a fit Memorial on thy Grave,
 "I'll write this Epitaph, *Here lies a Knave.*"
 This Sting pierc'd deep; and keen surprizing Pain,
 Call'd *Dick's* departing Spirits back again;
 Sarcasm so bitter wou'd not let him die,
 Till thus he made as bitter a Reply:
 "And, when thou shalt be laid by me, dear
 "Brother,
 "Some Friend, I hope, will write, *Here lies*
 "another."

*An EPIGRAM, occasion'd by the Words ONE PRIOR,
 in the Second Volume of Bishop Burnet's History.*

One *Prior*! —and is this, this all the Fame
 The Poet from th' Historian can claim!
 No; *Prior's* Verse Posterity shall quote,
 When 'tis forgot *ONE BURNET* ever wrote.



Where's the P O K E R ?

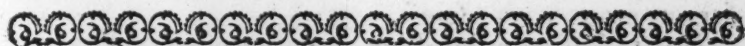
A T A L E.

By EBENEZER PENTWEEZLE, *Esq*; of TRURO, in
the County of CORNWALL.

THE Poker lost, poor *Susan* storm'd,
And all the Rites of Rage perform'd;
As scolding, crying, swearing, sweating,
Abusing, figitting and fretting.
" Nothing but Villainy and Thieving;
" Good Heavens! what a World we live in?
" If I don't find it in the Morning,
" I'll surely give my Master warning:
" He'd better far shut up his Doors
" Than keep such good-for-nothing Whores;
" For wheresoe'er their Trade they drive,
" We *virtuous* Bodies cannot thrive."
Well may poor *Susan* grunt and groan,
Misfortunes never come alone,
But tread each other's Heels in Throngs,
For the next Day she lost the Tongs:
The Salt-box, Cullinder and Grate,
Soon shar'd the same untimely Fate.
In vain, she Vails and Wages spent
On new ones—for the new ones went.
There'd been (she swore) some Dev'l or Witch in
To rob and plunder all the Kitchen.
One Night she to her Chamber crept,
(Where for a Month she had not slept,
Her Master being to her seeming,
A better Playfellow than dreaming)
Curse on the Author of these Wrongs!
In her own Bed she found the Tongs.
(Hang *Thomas* for an idle Joker!)
And there good luck! she found the Poker,
With Salt-box, Pepper-box and Kettle,
And all the culinary Metal.—

Be

Be warn'd, ye fair, by *Susan's* Crosses,
 Keep chaste, and guard yourselves from Losses;
 For if young Girls delight in kissing,
 No Wonder, that the Poker's missing.



A MODERN GLOSSARY.

ANGEL. The Name of a Woman, commonly a very bad one.

AUTHOR. A Laughing-stock. It means likewise a poor Fellow, and in general an Object of Contempt.

BEAR. A country Gentleman; or indeed, any Animal upon two Legs that doth not make a handsome Bow.

BEAUTY. The Qualifications with which Women generally go into keeping.

BEAU. With the Article A before it, means a great Favourite of all Women.

BRUTE. A Word implying plain Dealing and Sincerity; but more especially applied to a Philosopher.

CREATURE. A Quality Expression, of low Contempt, properly confined only to the Mouths of Ladies who are Right Honourable.

CRITIC. Like *Homo*, a Name common to all Human Race.

COXCOMB. A Word of Reproach, and yet at the same Time, signifying all that is most commendable.

DAMNATION. A Term appropriated to the Theatre; though sometimes more largely applied to all Works of Invention.

DEATH. The final End of Man; as well of the *thinking Part of the Body*, as of all the other Parts.

DRESS. The principal Accomplishment of Men and Women.

DULNESS. A Word applied by all Writers to the Wit and Humour of others.

EATING. A Science.

FINE.

FINE. An Adjective of a very peculiar Kind, destroying; or, at least, lessening the Force of the Substantive to which it is joined; as *fine* Gentleman, *fine* Lady, *fine* House, *fine* Cloaths, *fine* Taste;—in all which *fine* is to be understood in a Sense somewhat synonymous with useless.

FOOL. A complex Idea, compounded of Poverty, Honesty, Piety, and Simplicity.

GALLANTRY. Fornication and Adultery.

GREAT. Applied to a Thing, signifies Bigness; when to a Man, often Littleness or Meanness.

GOOD. A Word of as many different Senses as the Latin Word *Agro*; for which Reason it is but little used by the Polite.

HAPPINESS. Grandeur.

HONOUR. Duelling.

HUMOUR. Scandalous Lies, dancing and tumbling on the Rope.

JUDGE. } An old Woman.

JUSTICE: }

KNAVE. The Name of 4 Cards in every Pack.

KNOWLEDGE. In general, means Knowledge of the Town; as this is, indeed, the only Kind of Knowledge ever spoken of in the polite World.

LEARNING. Pedantry.

LOVE. A Word properly applied to our Delight in particular Kinds of Food; sometimes metaphorically spoken of the favourite Objects of all our *Appetites*.

MARRIAGE. A Kind of Traffick carried on between the two Sexes, in which both are constantly endeavouring to cheat each other, and both are commonly Losers in the End.

MISCHIEF. Funn, Sport or Pastime.

MODESTY. Aukwardness, Rusticity.

NO-BODY. All the People in *Great-Britain*, except about 1200.

NONSENSE. Philosophy, especially the philosophical Writings of the Ancients, and more especially of *Aristotle*.

OPPORTUNITY. The Season of Cuckoldom.

PATRIOT. A Candidate for a Place at Court.

POLITICKS.

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POLITICKS. The Art of getting such a Place.

PROMISE. Nothing.

RICHES. The only Thing upon Earth that is really valuable, or desirable.

ROGUE. } A Man of a different Party from
RASCAL. } yourself.

SHOCKING. An Epithet which fine Ladies apply to almost every Thing. It is indeed, an Interjection (if I may so call it) of Delicacy.

TEMPERANCE. Want of Spirit.

TASTE. The present Whim of the Town, whatever it be.

TEASING. Advice, chiefly that of a Husband.

VIRTUE. } Subjects of Discourse.
VICE. }

WIT. Prophaneness, Indecency, Immorality, Scurrility, Mimickry, Buffonery. Abuse of all good Men, and especially of the Clergy.

WORTH. Power, Rank, Wealth.

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